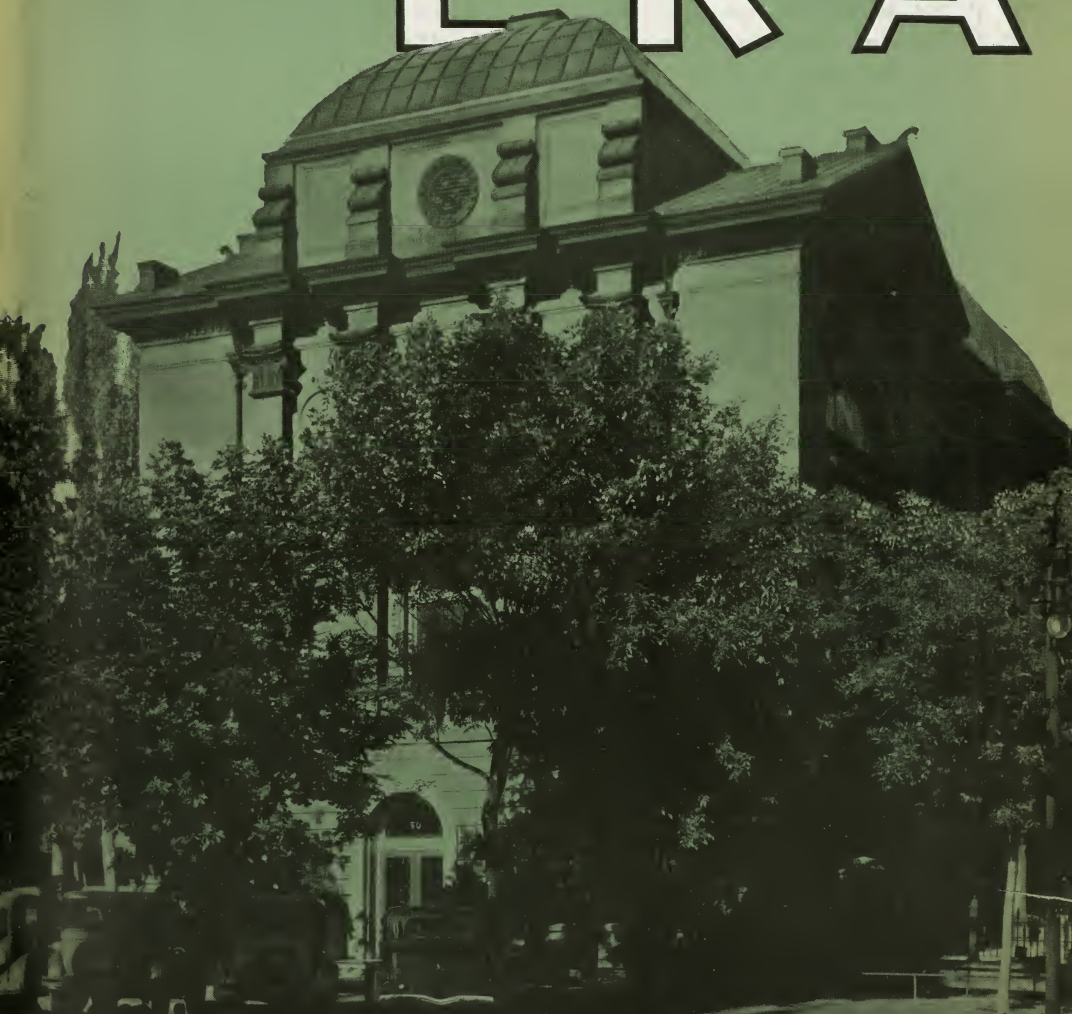


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The Improvement **ERA**



Vol. 36 OCTOBER, 1933 No. 12
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In 1852, BRIGHAM YOUNG said, “Our true interest is, and will be, most wisely consulted in domestic manufacturing . . . thereby furnishing employment.” Today, the Utah Oil Refining Company is an outstanding example of that principle. Hundreds of workers are employed—here—in the manufacture and distribution of Utah Oil products.

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RESTRAINTS AND CONVENTIONS

WHY?

BY PRESIDENT J. REUBEN CLARK, JR.

In this excellent article which will appear in The Improvement Era in November, President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., an attorney, a diplomat, a member of the First Presidency of the Church—a Father speaks on a subject which is timely, especially for the young, many of whom have chafed under the sway of “restraints and conventions.”



In this article, written especially for The Improvement Era, President Clark has stressed not only the importance of law but also its beauty and necessity in the spiritual as well as in the physical and intellectual worlds.

With a fluency and ease which makes the article delightful reading he has also drawn some nice distinctions between rule and law.

THIS ARTICLE WILL HAVE SIGNIFICANCE FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY—EVERY READER OF THE IMPROVEMENT ERA.

WATCH THE NOVEMBER NUMBER

The Improvement ERA

OCTOBER, 1933
Volume 36, Number 12

Heber J. Grant, Editor
Harrison R. Merrill, Managing Editor
Elsie Talmage Brandley, Asso. Editor

Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations
and the Department of Education

FORECAST

WHY should there be in the scheme of things restraints and conventions? What is the difference between a law and a rule? In the universe are there laws which persist despite man's railing at them? These and other interesting questions will be answered in a special article by President J. Reuben Clark Jr., in the November Era.

1 1 1

THE Power of Truth," by William George Jordan, an intensely interesting treatise upon truth, will begin in the November number of *The Improvement Era* and will run serially until the entire book has been printed. This book so pleased President Heber J. Grant that he once bought up an entire edition to distribute among his people. He has now, in connection with the Deseret Book Company, purchased the plates and the copyright from the widow of Mr. Jordan, in order that new editions of the book may be circulated later.

1 1 1

NEXT month watch for "What's In a Word," By Elsie Chamberlain Carroll, and "The Settlement of Ogden Hole," by Glenn S. Perrins.

1 1 1

THE COVER

THIS month we are picturing 50 North Main Street, the new home of *The Improvement Era*, and the Y. M. M. I. A. The building is the Young Memorial building of the L. D. S. University group.

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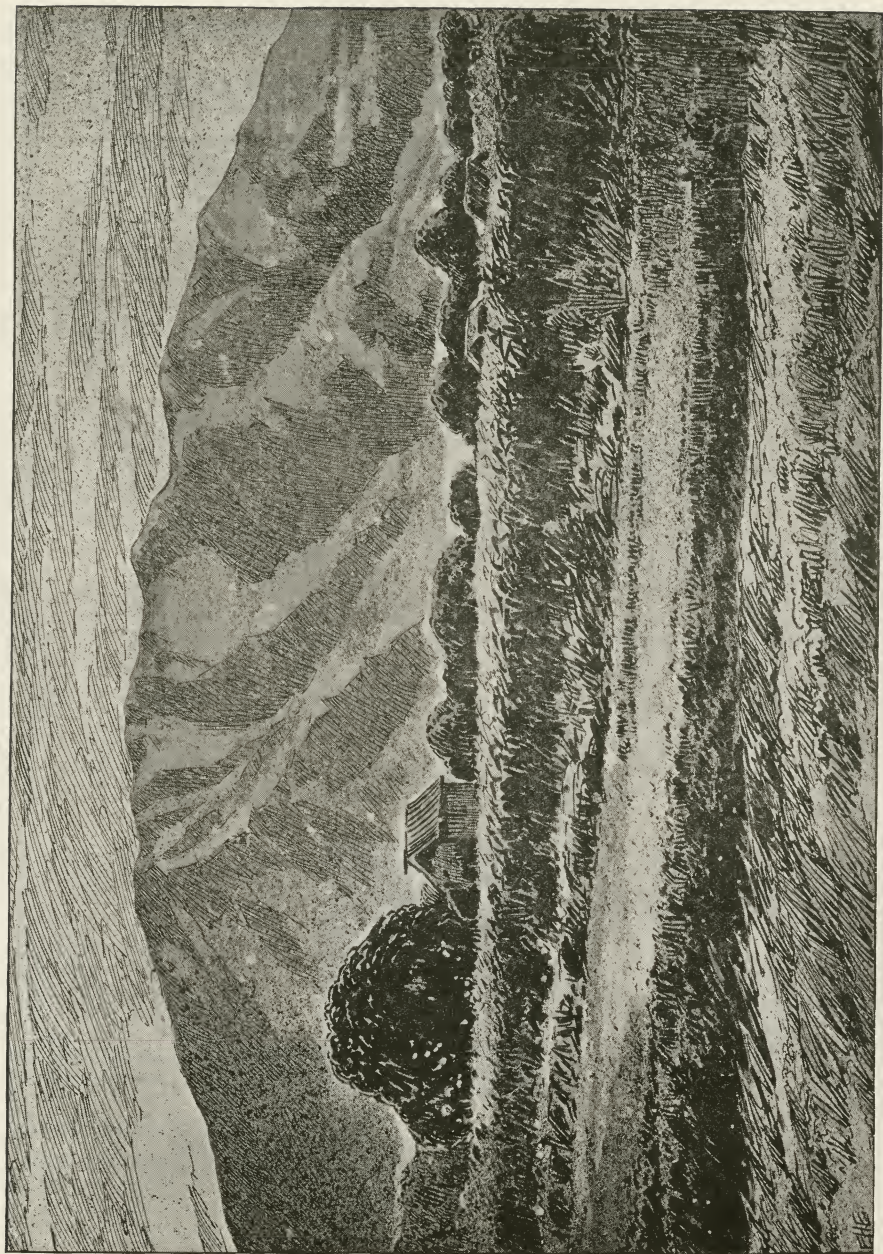
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Mt. Flonnette, near Springville, Utah, by E. H. Eastmond

In the Name of Temperance

We set up Our Banners

Supported by

Our Lord's Word of Wisdom

SEVENTEEN years ago the Mutual Improvement Associations in all the world set up a banner "in the name of God" bearing this legend—
"We Stand For State and Nation-wide Prohibition."

Shall we take that banner down? Through a combination of circumstances we have been asked to reconsider our action of seventeen years ago. On November 7, in the state of Utah, and upon other dates people of other states are to decide by the ballot whether that banner shall come down or not. We are to vote upon the modification of both the state and the national constitutions at that time.

Here, briefly, are some of the reasons why that banner was raised back there in 1916-17:

The saloon was a breeding place of evil; it was a den of vice fostering immorality of many kinds. We wished to rid ourselves of it.

Many men spent their incomes for drink which should have gone for the support of their families. We wished to save them from themselves.

Many homes were broken up by alcohol through the cruelty of drunken fathers. We wished to save homes, for from broken homes come many of the menaces, to the shape of human beings, to society.

There was no way of controlling the liquor traffic among the under-aged; unscrupulous men would buy liquor for boys. We wished to do our best to save the boys and to stop that traffic.

Bootlegging of bad liquor was bad; with saloons everywhere bootlegging was difficult to handle. We wished to stop that illegal traffic.

Drunkennes in public places—streets, railway-trains, restaurants, dances, and parties, was prevalent and obnoxious. We wished to clean up such public places and to protect our women, our children, and ourselves from the indecencies which drunkennes heaped upon us.

Alcoholism was a menace to the child. We wished to give every new-born babe a better chance to live a normal, healthy life.

Drunkennes was a menace to everybody on the highways. We wished to make our highways safe for sane people.

The liquor interests placed money above everything; there was no end to their greed. We wished to curtail them in their avarice and save their victims.

Drink interfered with the success of other wholesome and worthwhile institutions by debasing humanity, dulling the sense of appreciation, warping judgment, and using funds which would have meant more to the progress and success of the nation spent in other ways. We wished to change the situation.

There was not a sound reason why a vampire such as liquor and the liquor interests should be fostered by a sane and intelligent society.

No one could then be found to defend drink on the ground that it was healthful, elevating, profitable, or worthwhile. The best bartenders, knowing the curse of liquor, did not drink. We wished also to save their customers from the habit.

No one could be found to say that drink redistributed wealth, that it increased the purchasing power of the people, that it was a thrifty habit, or that it aided in

building up our commonwealth. We wished to do all these things.

There is no sound reason for believing that the reempowering of the liquor interests will change any of the conditions which prevailed in 1916-17.

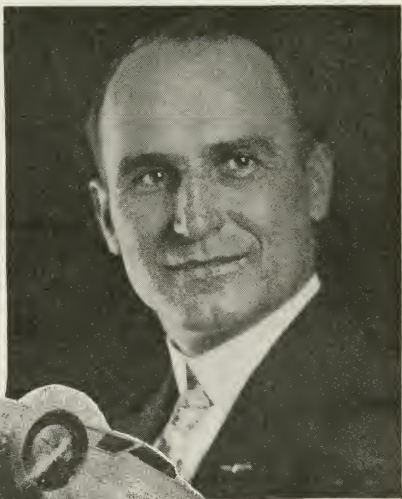
On two grounds we are asked to change the situation and to haul down the banner we set up seventeen years ago. One argument is that it will increase the revenues of the state and nation. We respectfully ask any sane, reasonable, intelligent person to think about that one. Where will the revenue come from? Who will pay it? Will liquor increase our total wealth?

The other argument is that prohibition cannot be enforced. The 18th Amendment went over enthusiastically with a large majority. Are we going to acknowledge that a majority of people in this country cannot enforce their laws? Do the "wets" themselves, wish to plant that seed in the minds of American people? That is dangerous doctrine. What other minority may arise to make the same statements?

As election time approaches, how does the Mutual Improvement Association stand with regard to liquor? We quote from a "Mutual Message," June number of *The Improvement Era*: "We the Mutual Improvement workers of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, have always stood and will continue to stand for the non-use of intoxicating beverages. No matter what others may do with reference to our national prohibition laws, we are resolved to do our utmost to support those laws and resist their repeal."

Mutual Improvement Associations.

"Ah, if we but had wings!" we cry. Ray Elsmore had some perfectly good ones about which Mrs. Jensen writes in this story of "one of ours."



The FLYING ATTORNEY

Ray Elsmore, the
Flying Attorney

By

KATIE C. JENSEN

As the lark sails into the air and far into the mystic regions above us, so fly the planes carrying mail, passengers and express for Uncle Sam. And as safely as the bird do they land at their destination. Covering millions of miles, within the last five years, the National Parks Airways Company has had but one serious accident. This indicates that flying is safe, quick and sure and that it is an economical method of travel if we value time. At present the Boeing and Fokker Super-Universal planes are sailing one hundred miles per hour and the new planes soon to be purchased will fly one hundred seventy-five miles per hour. These new creations of science are bringing distant points so close to us that we may feel like they are just next door.

What a record—but one serious mishap in millions of miles, and because Ray Elsmore, the flying attorney whom I wish to introduce to you, is mentioned in a clipping from a Butte newspaper giving an account of that accident, I quote:

"Two hours after he had helped extricate from the wreckage the bodies of his roommate, Paul Wheatley, and the six passengers who crashed at Pocatello, Captain Elsmore, air-mail pilot on Salt Lake-Great Falls Line, landed at the Butte airport. His nerves shaken

and hands and clothes soiled by the aid he rendered at the scene of the tragedy, he staggered from the cockpit of his plane and tossed his sack of air mail to attendants.

"Paul just crashed at Pocatello; they're all killed," he told Butte friends. "I helped pull out the bodies and then I came on with the mail."

"There were traces of tears as Elsmore went about his work of checking the mail pouches. He had just completed a two hundred-fifty mile hop and was on time in spite of a late start out of Pocatello. Enroute from Salt Lake, he was in his plane at the Pocatello air field waiting to greet his pal, Paul Wheatley, whom he had taught the art of flying when Wheatley came gliding over the Idaho air port. The big plane was about seventy-five feet from the ground when it swerved, turned and dived with seven people aboard. struck the ground and crumbled into a mass of human beings, wood, and steel. Elsmore ran with field attendants to the rescue, but all were dead.

"In twenty-five minutes he was in his plane and on his way. 'I don't know what caused it,' he told officials as the nervous beads on his tanned forehead showed the strain of the grilling two hours flight from the scene of the tragedy. 'Paul was always a careful



Attorney Elsmore in Uniform

pilot, always talking of the new safety devices he was placing on his ship. We had a room together at Great Falls. Sometimes we would meet there at the end of our runs.

"Paul was my Buddy in the army, you know. We have been pals for the last ten years. In fact, I taught him to fly at March Field during the war."

Salt Lake City from the plane

"But after a few minutes of rest despite a heavy heart, he scrawled his name in a hand that trembled and took to the air again. The mail must go on."

This story was verified by Mr. Elsmore, attorney-aviator as he sat before my grate fire, one foot resting on an ottoman and his black head reclining against the red velour of the high backed chair.

I could well imagine his sorrow and regret over the death of his friend and the passengers. And as he flew on towards the Snake River Valley, his heart heavy and at times growing faint with the memory of those people he had helped to drag from the wrecked plane; I knew it must have been his courage and self-control that brought him through his flight safely. There were lives beside his own to be thought of, for he was carrying a man, a boy and a dog as passengers. But sometimes it seems that air pilots have super-human power as they are able to "carry on" under greatest stress and pressure.

ASSISTANT COUNTY ATTORNEY, flyer, Captain of Air Reserve of Idaho, Nevada, Wyoming, Montana, Utah, Commander of the 329th Observation, Air Mail Pilot between Salt Lake and Great Falls, Montana, practicing attorney, City Attorney of American Fork, Utah, Bishop's Counselor in Sugar House Ward, Ray T. Elsmore is today one of Utah's outstanding figures. But shunning the headlines, he goes quietly about advancing the cause of aviation, attending to his law practice two days a week, carrying the mail the other four days, serving mankind in every way he can but devotedly attached to the art to which he has given himself—flying.

He was born in American Fork, Utah, the youngest of ten children. His father died while Ray was very young, but his mother, a woman of unusual character and vision kept her children in school although they were forced to leave home and work their way through. Of his mother Ray says, "She was my inspiration. I discovered there were angels on earth and that they do not need wings. Such was my mother."

He went through school studying Latin and "ologies" that would fit him for the field of medicine; but upon entering college he discovered that he could not go on with this profession and work half a day. So, because law would fit into the scheme of things at school he studied for the bar and upon his graduation from college was made assistant county attorney of Salt Lake.

"But how did an attorney come to be a flyer?" I queried. "Uncle Sam," he answered. "When I decided to enlist I looked into the different fields through which I could enter the service. The field of flying appealed to me, so I went to San Francisco for my examination. In those days the examination for pilot was a stiff one. It took three days, but I passed. The heart, lungs, hearing, eyesight and whirling chair tests were the most important. The whirling chair test, a test of one's balance or equilibrium, was the one most likely to fail an applicant." (Cont. p. 757)



UNITED AIR LINES PHOTO

Nocturne

Moonlight and melody are beautifully interwoven in this new story by John Sherman Walker.

JEAN LeVAL gazed through the open French window of his studio apartment on a moon-saffroned garden court where wine-purple lilacs were in bloom—after a year away—and the bitter-sweetness of the moment was nearly unendurable.

The words they had spoken, so long ago it seemed, there by the tall fountain came again—his words—so very certain:

"Genius has its price. The creative artist must be a solitaire. One may choose—to dwell alone upon Olympus, or—endure mediocrity."

And hers—tremulously low as the voice of a dove:

"And is the completed masterpiece of the Olympian so all important? Oh, Jean!—will the noblest music you create be precious as the love I have known for you—still know? Oh, you've not meant to be cruel; but do you understand how impossible it is for me to be with you after you have spoken so?"

"Must art be so austere? I cannot tell. I only know that for you the mediocre would be intolerable. An inspiration, I? Ah, I have been very vain, dear, to suppose so. I'm sorry it must be 'adieu,' Jean—but you see, ours could never be merely the platonic friendship."

Afterward Jean LeVal knew there was nothing so exquisitely precious in the world—as Fleur Farrar.

It was folly, of course, to have returned to this beautiful place of torture; to glimpse the quiet pagoda, near the garden gate, remembering the moments of laughter there; to realize that the fountain's sparkling silver music had become only a dull splash of leaden waters.

And then—the miracle!

A vision of loveliness—Fleur Farrar—in the golden oval of the

bowered gate; the moonlight in tinsel shafts through the leafy maple branches fair beyond words, over her dear shoulders—midas touching her picture-hat and the white satin of her gown; twinkling at the ivory points of her slippers as she came toward the fountain.

Unbelievably, he slowly went to her; and the surge of a master rhapsody was overpoweringly rich within the soul of Jean LeVal; an inspired thing whose full brilliance came to him at once.

As he pressed her sweet, cool hands in his she was greeting him: "Dear Jean—I knew that you would be here tonight. Do not ask me how I should know—or why. I had to come here and welcome you—home."

Gently she withdrew her hands from his clasp and her eyes were evading him.

"No, Jean, not that again—ever, please. I must go very soon. I cannot come here again. After tonight we must forget."

There were fear and agony in the eyes of LeVal. The first song had been struck from his heart; only a few lone chords lingered. It was a tense, long moment before he replied:

"One favor—one favor then, be-

fore you will go. Fleur—will you play me one of the old tunes? Tonight is so like—yester eve."

Hesitantly she consented.

"Yes—I will do it, Jean."

And as they neared the studio she added:

"Yester eve—it does seem so. I adore it all."

He would have lit a lamp but the smiling Fleur reproached him as she contemplated the perfection of light from the heavens that enshrined her at his grand piano.

"I like it this olden way, don't you?"

LeVal glanced off through the maples, then reaching a glossed Stradivarius violin from the pianoforte he adjusted it to playing position. He was reverent in his half whispered answer.

"Quite."

Their tune was finished and she played one other, in solo—a fairy air whose flowering measures at her fine touch seemed all of glissandos.

At last, looking up with a little sigh she reached for her hat gracing the piano-top.

LeVal scarcely more than muttered.

"Beautiful—too beautiful!"

The girl faintly smiled.

"Chopin ever is beautiful."

Jean sank to the seat beside her. His voice was pleading.

"You—Fleur. I have known since—yester eve—that I could never have perfection in any way, in anything, unless you were with me to achieve it."

Seriously Fleur Farrar looked into the eyes that held her enthralled and said:

"You would never believe that you had achieved your ultimate Olympus—not ever—Jean, if you married me—or anyone."

John Sherman Walker

JOHN SHERMAN WALKER is a native of Salt Lake City—a story-teller and poet. His stories are poetic in expression and in form; his poems are original in subject matter and design. The violin is one of his favorite instruments. This "Nocturne" is a delightful experiment—an improvisation upon the theme—moonlight and youth and lilacs and rain and melody—but it will need to be read also, in a mood.

By

John Sherman Walker

Illustrated by

FIELDING K. SMITH

*They were seated, moon-
mantled in the pagoda when
LeVal ended the strange tale.*

Jean LeVal tenderly answered:
"And if I were to offer you the master-proof—the masterpiece; if I were to bring you a song of songs—and if all the glamour of the night—and of my love were in it to proclaim the divineness of your inspiration—tell me, my Fleur, would you believe that I had found the glory I desire?"

But her reply held the same note of sadness.

"If only I could believe, Jean. I will go now. The masterpiece—sometime I will hear it—and know whether it is truly of your heart."

Disconsolate he went with her to the gateway and at her desire allowed her to be whisked away alone in a cab that had cruised up the street.

Returning to the studio he wondered whether it had all been a fantasy. There was the one tangible golden thread of that song.

Impatiently he drew a writing-table and a deep chair into the moon's full beam, disregarding the lamp at hand lest its ray divert the illusion he sought. He took a pen from a stand.

Boldly he stroked a graceful cleff upon the black lines of a song-plate and inscribed the first haunting chords of his nocturne.

Then pausing, he was suddenly lost in melancholia, aware that the passing night was drawing the mood he was so enamored of farther and farther into its folds—taking with it his song of songs—taking with it—Fleur Farrar.

HE arose, stepped to the outer balustrade and with calm deliberateness mused on the fair fountain. If he could have been stricken with that melody in his mind! Now—the spell was irredeemably broken—the song was gone!

As if to verify the fear of Jean LeVal a gray cloud came to veil the moon and a restive breeze stirred the maples uneasily.

Re-entering the darkened studio LeVal groped to his chair, and, with head laid upon his arms that he crossed on the writing-table he closed his eyes to the increasing pallidness of the night.

How long he remained thus he could not know. He was aroused by the swift beat of a serein upon the garden earth, a peal of low rumbling thunder and a flash of lightning that left the skies in a simultaneous sweep.

For a long interval LeVal lay back in his chair, his mood somber as the surrounding darkness.

The precise time was vague to Jean LeVal, when, above the

night's lessening fall of rain he discerned so paradoxical a low, sweet rhythm as to bring him half-rising from his chair, his fingers trembling at the lamp-cord, flooding his table with light. It was the unmistakable—inconceivable—music of a violin lilting through the mist of rain!

That violin—preposterous fancy—was voicing—no—how could it be!—yet—yet—yes!—the same loved, lost song of songs of Jean LeVal!

The first chords had come and gone before LeVal bowed to the task of placing the notes down as they flowed from the dismal night.

The rain came pelting a little harder and the tempo of the ghostly violinist's tune moved to an accelerando and as it quickened LeVal's

(Continued on page 760)





"The principal display at the Fair took the form of a beautiful Mural depicting in decades woman's advancement through the century."

The International Congress of Women

By CLARISSA A. BEESLEY

IN the city of Chicago last July there took place a notable assembly of women leaders from many countries, the result of whose thinking and planning will undoubtedly contribute much to world progress within the next few years. It was the International Congress of Women called by the National Council of Women of the United States to consider the theme, "Our Common Cause—Civilization."

The Congress idea was born more than two years ago and developed simultaneously with that larger project of world-wide interest, the Century of Progress Exposition. It was realized that of all the line of evolution during the century, none had been greater than

that of woman's emancipation from the restrictions by which she had been surrounded. Forty years before, in the Columbian Exposition of 1893, a Woman's Congress had convened and it was most fitting now that the women of the world should feature a program in connection with the present big Exposition. Determinedly, therefore, the National Council went to work. Three things it set out to do—to publish a book which should record the growth of the woman movement through one hundred years; to make a fitting display at the Fair; and to hold an International Congress which would mark an important milestone in feminine history. All three plans materialized gloriously!

The book, "Angels and Amazons—A Hundred Years of American Women," by Inez Haynes Irwin, is off the press—an inspiring account of achievement from the days of Lucy Stone, when woman's life was confined almost entirely to four walls, to Amelia Earhart who conquers time and distance in the air. The principal display at the Fair took the form of a beautiful mural depicting in decades woman's advancement through the century; large books were also made featuring the work of member organizations. The third feature was the Congress, held in the historic Palmer House, Chicago, July 16-22.

Through the cooperation of the Postal Telegraph and Cable Company in a plan which secured the

signatures of more than a million women in the United States, thus making them Postal Telegraph conscious, funds were provided for the carrying forward of the big enterprise.

The purpose and spirit of this important occasion is best set forth in the foreword to the Program by the National President, Lena Madsen Phillips:

"Forty years ago, the women of the world held their first real International Congress during the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. It gave impetus to the development of the organized womanhood of the world. By it came the channels through which women pursued their quest for power—social, political and educational. In the Congress of 1933, we will in a realistic fashion do honor to those pioneers of 1893, by emulating their courage and foresight. The feminine quest of power wanes, but before women lie today great opportunities for the right use of that power.

"This assembly takes place at a period of world depression following a world war. So widespread are unemployment and human misery, so varied are the proposals for changes in the political and economic scene that civilization faces grave problems connected with its actual survival.

"At previous assemblies of women, minor issues could be discussed with more or less urbanity. For thousands of years, men and women have been struggling with the problem of production. Now this problem is settled. We can produce all that we need.

"And yet at this moment much of the world is in want. Economic distress and insecurity are the common lot of vast numbers of people everywhere. We have mastered production; we have not mastered distribution. We have not learned how to make the machine the servant, rather than the master of man. We have not lifted the burden of fear under which parents must bring up their children. We have not lifted black despair from many an aged worker. We have not learned how to attain a settled currency nor how to exchange goods from nation to nation. We have not learned to keep the peace between individuals or between nations.

"And yet these problems can and must be solved. We can plan a society which will guarantee to its members minimum security for existence and a maximum opportunity for development. We can plan a society in which there shall be security of work, of income, of health; security against the violence of war and of crime; security of government for the good of all people. We can plan a society in which there shall be opportunity for all—of education, of vocational training, cultural life and a richer use of leisure.

"To such endeavor we dedicate this Congress on 'Our Common Cause—Civilization.' Technology has created for us our House of Plenty. It is a challenge to the women of the world to find the keys through governmental and economic planning which will admit us to that House of Plenty.

"That challenge comes ringing down the century of woman's progress to this very hour. It sounded in the first feeble effort of our pioneers in their quest for power.

It is inescapably ours. For the only justification of power is its use to wise and beneficent ends.

"It is our purpose and our resolve that their quest shall not have been in vain."

The Frontispiece

MT. Flonette," a pen and ink sketch by Professor Elbert H. Eastmond, head of the art department of Brigham Young University, is the frontispiece. This beautifully sculptured mountain is south-east of Springville and may be viewed to advantage from the State Fish and Game Farm just north of town.

Professor Eastmond is one of the best known artists of the Church. For nearly a third of a century he has been head of the department of art at B. Y. U. where he has come in contact with thousands of young men and women eager to perfect their abilities in all fields—oils, water colors, pen and ink, etching, and interior decoration. As a teacher even more than as a producer of art Professor Eastmond is best known although he has done some splendid pieces in practically all of the mediums used by the artists of the day. He is never so much at home as when directing and inspiring a class of normal students whose great responsibility is to teach the children of the inter-mountain country the finer things of the eye and hand. It is safe to say that his influence, through these students, has been felt in every corner of the Rocky Mountain region and far beyond.

Ever a lover of the beautiful and the fine, Professor Eastmond took his diploma from the Pratt Institute, New York City, in Normal Art and Manual Training in 1902. In 1906 he took a degree of B. Ed. from Brigham Young University. In 1911 he studied at the California School of Fine Arts; in 1916 and 1923 at the University of California; summer of 1918 Rionda School of Art; and in 1923 at the University of Washington. Professor Eastmond has also traveled abroad where he painted and sketched in several European countries.

A lover of color, Professor Eastmond always uses it profusely in his paintings. He has a distinctive style running to the purples and blues in landscapes. He loves beautiful scenes and rarely ever paints anything that is not pleasing to the eye in form and composition. His water-color paintings, like his oils, are always of beautiful things. His harmonies of line and color are pleasing. In fact, those who love strong, virile pictures are likely to pronounce his productions too sweet; those who love soothing, gentle beauty are likely to take great delight in viewing his productions.

As an etcher and a user of the pencil, pen and ink, and charcoal mediums he has few superiors. He has the genius to take pains. Some of the sketches he did in some of these mediums in Europe won for him considerable praise. Busy with his normal classes, writing and staging pageants all over the inter-mountain country, decorating halls and rostrums, he finds little time for creative art at present, yet the year rarely passes that does not find him adding a few notable pieces to his collection.

One of his students said recently: "To know Professor Eastmond is to love him and to be inspired with the beauty of form and color."

FOR many months urgent invitations had been going forth to the various countries of the World to send their representative women to this gathering and as a result outstanding women physicians, lawyers, educators, and leaders in all professional lines were present. The formal opening took place on Sunday evening, July 16th and was a brilliant affair, speeches of welcome being given by officials of Chicago and of the Exposition, responses by such world figures as Dr. Wally Alexandrescu of Roumania, Baroness Shiduse Ishimoto of Japan, and Hon. Margaret Bondfield of England; and the address—"Shall it be Progress?" by the President, Miss Phillips.

During the week following, general sessions were held each morning and evening and department round tables each afternoon. Among the themes for the former were: "The World as It Is"; "The World as It Could Be"; "Women in a Changing World"; "Economic Security Through Government"; while the six round tables, meeting simultaneously, featured the subjects: Security Through Employment; Security Through Buying Power; Security Through Government; Security against Destructive Forces; Opportunity through Education; Opportunity Through Leisure.

There were two delightfully interesting Forums—one an International discussion on present world conditions and conditions as they might be, by delegates from Ireland, Finland, Syria, Germany, France, Roumania; and one on "Youth Plans for a Civilized World," an inspiring and stimulating presentation conducted by Jane Addams, in which some seventeen young College girls participated.

On Thursday evening was held the banquet, a colorful and joyous affair. The unique feature of this event was the sending of messages, by the Postal Telegraph Company, direct from the banquet hall, to several points in the United States and to England, South America, China, Japan, Manila, and to vessels in the Atlantic and the Pacific. The messages were sent and replies from all of these points received during the progress of the banquet. A huge map of the world was placed at one end of the hall and tiny lights traveling the distances indicated when and where the messages went and their return to Chi-

cago. We were stirred by this one more evidence of the mighty forces at work to promote world progress and we could but exclaim reverently, "What hath God wrought."

Among the eminent speakers at the Congress were Jane Addams, famed social worker and founder of Hull House, Carrie Chapman Catt, well known for her efforts to abolish war, the Honorable Margaret Bondfield of England, Great Britain's first woman Cabinet member and for two years the Minister of Labor; Dame Rachel Crowdy, noted for active service in the World War; Mary Dingman, energetic worker in the League of Nations for disarmament; Winnifred Kydd, President National Council of Women of Canada; Emily Newell Blair, Associate Editor *Good Housekeeping*; Lilly Kelly, University of Buenos Aires; Drs. Woo and Wu of leading Chinese Colleges; Selma Ekrem of Turkey, daughter of former Governor of Jerusalem; Mrs. Francken Dyerinck, feminist leader in the Netherlands. Their messages were full of eloquence and power.

THE following excerpts convey in meager form something of the stirring appeals of these and other speakers. Through them all rang the cry for Peace—World Peace, and the confident assurance that in the hands of women rests largely the power to bring about that longed-for condition.

"Women do some things brilliantly but they work in niches, in small groups. They do not look on the whole. They are not thinkers. We should read history to get a viewpoint of the future. * * * If there is a common cause it must be the total situation."—*Mary R. Beard, prominent in suffrage and labor movements. Subject—"Struggling Towards Civilization."*

"The love of things for themselves leads to selfishness. Those who search for truth live simply. In industry the new emphasis is placed on the human element—not to get more out of workers but to enable them to get more out of their work. * * *

"Machines are now designed to further the personality of the worker; articles will be not machine made but man-machine made. * * * Wrongly used the machine can become a peril; rightly used it can help pull us out of the depression."—*Dr. Lillian M. Gilbreth, Industrial Engineer, Subject—"Can the Machine Pull Us Out."*

"Since the treaty of Versailles there has been a wave of desire for international cooperation. * * * Language is one of the obstacles in the way of international understanding. If the economic conference fails we shall have more intense nationalism and if we get back to that, tariffs will be

higher and unemployment greater; the danger of war will be greater and that is unthinkable.

"Fear is at the back of all the evil things of the world. Women are the leading forces in the new world, the dynamo driving the perpetual peace engine of the world."—*Dame Rachel Crowdy, of England. Subject—"When Nations Cooperate."*

"It is a romantic thing to see a world made over before your eyes and participate in it."—*Jane Addams. Subject—"Philosophy of a New Day."*

"We naturally look to women to do the things for humanity. When they entered the business world they sought to equal men in making profits rather than to devote themselves to the social welfare of others which is their real work. Now

we may band together to make a contribution for human welfare. * * * Our technique is that of service."—*Emily Newell Blair. Subject—"Have Women Contributed to the Crisis?"*

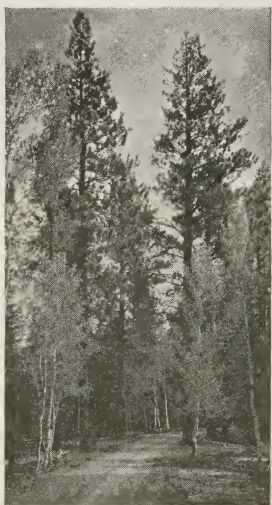
"The world cannot be secure without entire freedom. Because nations are too selfish, the torch of civilization is burning low. We need a new declaration of interdependence of all nations. We need the golden rule for a new world."—*Mrs. Francken Dyerinck of the Netherlands Subject—"Making a World Secure."*

"Democracy concerns itself with the common man, desires to meet the need of the greatest number. The real test of whether a country is free is the happiness of the minority. Democracy is not static, it is flexible, changing, growing. The individual in a Democracy has far more responsibility than under Communism or Fascism. If these countries (Russia and Italy) have the seed of growth in them they will end up by being Democracies."—*The Honorable Margaret Bondfield of England. Subject—"Economic Security Under Democracy."*

"It is a magnificent thing to be a woman. Let us put something into the world and not just take out of it. As women teach and live so goes the next generation."—*Mrs. W. H. Hill, Ireland International Forum—"The World as it is—The World as it could be."*

"We need more women of single purpose. We tend to spread ourselves too thin. The single purpose now needed is the achievement of world peace."—*Winnifred Kydd of Canada—International Forum.*

"Women are carrying on the torch. Let us dedicate ourselves to bringing about the Millennium. If we share with men the responsibility we must contribute our part."—*Dr. Christine Giltzi, Roumania—International Forum.*



My Road

By Hector Lee

GIVE me a road! Ah, give me a road!
Let it lead anywhere,
If there's fall in the air;
With the smell of a fresh wood about me;
With the vigorous warmth of the sun;
Where the thrush, with a call,
Breaks the hush of it all;
And the shy little beasts slink back one
by one.

Let your old world wither without me;
I hear only a voice in the pines—
'Tis the whispering lips
Of the wind in the wisps—
And I see only shadows in patterned designs.

Let my road twist and bend—
Let it roll without end—still
Give me a road! Ah, give me a road!

MORE than forty years ago the Relief Society and the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association became charter members of the National Council of Women of the United States. They participated in the Women's Congress at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, holding one separate session of their own. During all the time since then they have been actively represented in the work of the Council. Amy Brown Lyman is at the present time third vice-president.

In connection with the recent Congress they, with the other member organizations, were given booths in the Palmer House to exhibit their work.

Relief Society members attending the Congress were President Louise Y. Robison; Counselors Amy B. Lyman and Julia A. Child; Secretary Julia F. Lund; Magazine editor, Mary C. Kimball; members of the Y. L. M. I. A. attending were President Ruth May Fox; Counselor Clarissa A. Beesley.

B O Y S

By
IDA REES

One little son,
Two little sons,
Three little sons and four—
Five little sons,
Brave little ones,
And ours forevermore.
Climbing our hopes,
Crowded our hearth,
Flooded our days with
joys—
Blissful our hearts,
Busy our hands,
With oh! so MANY boys.

One little son,
Two little sons,
Three little sons and four—
The littlest one
Has fall'n asleep
To waken here no more.
Vanished our hopes,
Vacant our hearth,
Idle the tools and toys—
Grieving our hearts,
Groping our hands,
For one of our five boys.

One little son,
Two little sons,
Three little sons and four—
Little new one!
Oh, welcome, son!
And there are FIVE once
more!
Placid our hopes,
Peaceful our hearth,
This five our time employs—
Longing our hearts,
Lonely our hands,
For ah! so FEW, our boys.





Punken

Punken Pies! But never was there such a pie maker as Mrs. Munn or a pie eater such as Peter proved to be. Even a great LOVE for pies sometimes works miracles.

*"There's a charming little widow,
Who keeps a candy shop,
Where all the children buy their chewing gum.
She sells taffy for a penny,
Her name is on the door—
Oh, there's music in the face of Widow Dunn!"*

AND so there was, music in her very laugh, and it was all true about the chewing gum and taffy.

In the rhyme the name is Dunn, but Munn does just as well, and the children sang the words at her till she was tired of hearing them.

But she never said so.

"Dear little things," she would say, "they do think it is such a joke!" and would nod, or laugh out of her pretty brown eyes, at them, when they passed the shop, singing.

But alas! life wasn't all a joke for the little woman.

There wasn't much of a fortune in chewing gum, and though she worked hard to keep the small shop going, there was all the housework, then the garden in summer, and always Ted.

"Yes, thank God, always Ted!" she would say, as she patted the smooth black head and little crooked back.

Of course Ted could tend shop; it was such a tiny place, he could reach almost everything from his chair; but it tired him so, poor little chap!

"Oh, mother, what good *am I*?" he would say, dismally, when she would insist upon his going to bed, pale and shaking, after holding out too long.

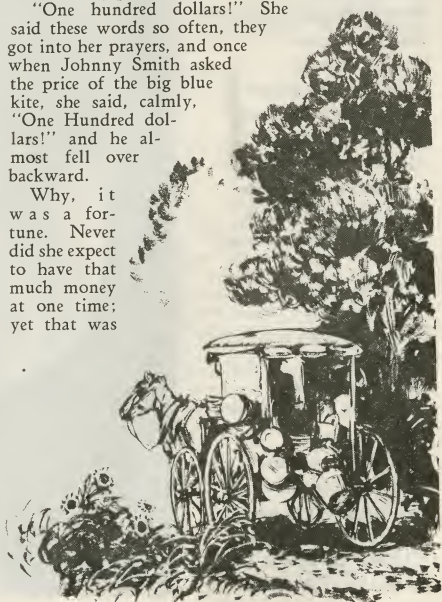
"For mother to love," she always answered; and that comforted him.

"And my poor boy must be a cripple all his life

because I am poor," she would think, bitterly, though she never spoke of it to anyone else, not even to Ted. She was very proud.

"One hundred dollars!" She said these words so often, they got into her prayers, and once when Johnny Smith asked the price of the big blue kite, she said, calmly, "One Hundred dollars!" and he almost fell over backward.

Why, it was a fortune. Never did she expect to have that much money at one time; yet that was



Pies

By

GRACE M. GREER

Illustrated by
PAUL CLOWES

*"Do you calk late on that punken of yourn fur Thanksgiving pies?" called a voice over the fence.
"Well, I hope so, Peter," answered the widow, looking up pleasantly.*

the sum that would take Ted into the hospital, where he might be made as straight and strong as other boys.

That great physician Dr. King himself had said so. He had been visiting the village, and saw Ted one day when he came in to buy a fishing line.

"Send him up to Boston, Madam," said he, after he had examined him through professional curiosity. "Nothing so serious here that we cannot set it right." And she had watched his professional back all the way down the street with aching eyes.

She never told Ted, who hated "the ugly man" for hitting his poor back so, but day and night the words burned in her brain.

She wrote and made all inquiries. Yes, that was the price to be paid, and it might as well have been a thousand.

The little shop was the front room of the very oldest house in all the town.

Years before Grandfather Munn had built it, filled it with his books and called it "his little library."

It looked very much like a round collar box, or a slice of jelly cake, with windows on two sides, and a door back and front.

WHEN father died Ted was only five years old, and mother looked like a girl. Since then, after Ted fell out of that apple tree and hurt his back, and mother and he had moved into the round house, mother had some gray hairs, and her face wasn't so rosy; but she "was the most beautiful woman in the world," as Ted always said.



The house was divided into three parts. "Cut it just like a pie," mother had told the carpenter; "the front half for the shop; the other part into two quarters, one for the kitchen, and the other for the bedroom."

And here, where grandfather had stored his dusty old books, were displayed jars of peppermint, boxes of lozenges, chewing gum and a few toys.

A little window, cut in by the front door, was gay with kites, pans of taffy and bright pin-wheel paper.

A few useful things, such as fishing line and pins, filled the case on the short counter; a little bell tinkled when you pushed open the door; and a sign swung

over it, "A. Munn, Confectionery," painted in blue letters.

"And with the garden, where we can raise vegetables and lots of flowers," mother had said, "we shall do very well."

The first money went for the padded chair on wheels.

"And now I can help!" cried Ted, after the first proud journey through the three rooms. "I can tend shop, and with a long-handled shovel I really think I could dig the garden!" And he looked so happy that mother smiled brightly; but for some reason, after she left him "to shut down that cellar door," she buried her face in her apron, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Three years had gone since then, the little shop had paid enough to keep them comfortable, but that one hundred dollars was never out of her mind; and now it was a month before Thanksgiving Day.

"What a thankful woman I should be if I only had that blessed money!" thought the Widow Munn.

She was clipping white chrysanthemums for the breakfast table while the rolls baked, and a fragrant odor of fresh boiled cocoa came out in the little garden.

"Do you calk'late on that punken of yours for Thanksgiving pies?" called a voice over the fence.

"Well, I hope so, Peter," answered the widow, looking up pleasantly.

Peter was long and lank and freckled, but his mild blue eyes had a kindly expression.

"Well, I can tell you you needn't," he said.

"Well, if it doesn't turn out well, no pumpkin pies then," laughing, as she stood facing him.

"No, you don't mean *that*!" in a sympathetic tone. "Well, *now* ruther—," Then he stopped short in embarrassment. "They'll have a-plenty of 'em down to the store," hesitatingly.

"No doubt of it," said the widow, brightly, "but, as I say, if that pumpkin refuses to ripen, no pumpkin pies."

"Look er here, Mis' Munn. I've got a plan. If you'll agree, done it is," bringing his brown fist down with a thump. "You 'member that day you bought the skillet off o' me, and I come into the kitchen for the change? Well, you was a-baken pies, and you offered me a

slice of punken, which same I tuck, and I ain't never forgot it."

"I'm glad you liked it, Peter," said the widow, her eyes dancing with fun.

"I've told more people 'bout that pie! Nowhere I go can I git a taste like it. 'Mis', says I, 'Tain't the same—too much or too little of somethen—tain't like the wid-ow's'."

"Why, Peter, I feel awfully flattered. You deserve the prettiest chrysanthemum in the bunch," handing one over the fence, which he took with awkward pleasure.

"Well, as I was sayin'," fastening the flower in his threadbare coat, "I'm a lonely critter—don't have no home comforts. Now, if I was ter git the punken and fixens, couldn't you make up a batch of them pies, and let me have a couple of 'em?" gazing up at her shrewdly.

"Why, with all my heart!" cried the widow, "only I don't want you to provide anything."

"Calk'latin to make 'em out er *that* punken?" pointing a lean finger at the green globe.

"Well, it does look a little doubtful, doesn't it?" an anxious frown on her forehead, as she stooped to thump it.

"Decidedly," swinging his long legs over the fence, and stooping down beside the astonished little woman. "'Tain't nothen but punk," tapping it knowingly. "I

tell you—you tell me what to git, jist gimme a pie when you git done, and take the rest fur your trouble. What do you say?"

"That those rolls are burning, sure as life. Come round to the kitchen!" and away she flew. "Stay and have breakfast with Ted and me," drawing the pan of puffy rolls from the oven, while he stood watching her from the doorway. "Have you got your wagon with you?" peeping out through the hollyhocks to where a gray horse and a covered wagon, filled with bright tinware, stood in the shade.

"You go tie him and come back. I'll call Ted, and we'll talk things over," breaking the steaming rolls apart, setting the flowers by Ted's plate as she did so. "Company to breakfast, son," she called softly, as the sound of his wheels came from the next room, and Peter's foot sounded on the gravel. "Hope you'll like them as well as you did the pie," she said, gayly.

"Anything you set out to do can't be beat, Mis' Munn," answered Peter, gallantly, and Ted beamed approvingly.

SUCH a gay little breakfast as it was! It was all settled about the pies before Peter left, and somehow his kind, homely face, and the look in his eyes when Ted wheeled himself out into the garden, made the little widow take him into her confidence.

The pathetic little story of the coveted hundred dollars was told, and when she broke down in it the earnest grasp of his hard hand comforted her beyond telling.

"Sho, now!" he said, kindly. "Don't cry—you'll git it. Why, I'll help you—no, no, not that way!" as she drew back. "I'll do better. Jist you leave it to me, and if next time I come I ain't thought out a plan to get that hundred dollars, you can go back on maken that pie!"

And they parted, the best of friends, the widow immensely cheered by his comforting words; and the tin peddler climbed into his wagon with a serious look on his thin face.

"Go on, Bess," he called, softly, to the gray mare. "We've got a tough knot to think out today, old lady; but we'll do it, or my name ain't Peter Tarbox."

And down the long road they went in the shade of the trees, the

(Continued on page 764)



At Martin's Cove Marker

A Hundred Years Ago

By RACHEL GRANT TAYLOR

A page from my Treasures of Truth

I OFTEN wondered how a prospector felt when after years of scouring the hills where he felt there must be gold, he turned up a piece of rich ore. Now I know.

Three years ago I started my treasure of truth book, and began collecting material concerning the lives of my four pioneer grandparents. It was easy to find things written about Grandfather Grant, for he had been Brigham Young's counselor and the first mayor of Salt Lake City. And I could find a record of my Grandmothers Rachel Ivins and Susan Ashby, but practically nothing about my Grandfather Briant Stringham, who had come west in the first company with Brigham Young. He had never even had his picture taken.

I searched in the records of the historian's office, thinking there would perhaps at the time of his death be a few words about him in the old files of the *Deseret News*. Not a word. I looked up my five uncles still living, asking them when Grandfather joined the Church and something of his early life. They did not know. On a trip to Canada I found a cousin who had known him well, but he could give me no help.

I had done my best, but to no avail. Then one day Uncle Phil on his way from his winter temple work in St. George, stopped at Manti and visited some cousins living there. They gave him almost a dozen closely typewritten pages. It was a compilation of incidents and dates of the Stringham family from the time they lived on a farm in New York before joining the Church in 1832, until they came to Salt Lake Valley. Julia Harmon Kesler had written this record from the information given her by Grandfather's sister and brother, Elmeda Stringham Kesler and Jeremiah Stringham.

Here are a few pictures of the every day life of 100 years ago taken from those pages:

THE Stringham family is of English descent, early settlers of the New England States of America. George Stringham married Polly Hendrickson. Their children were Sabra, Briant, Jeremiah, Elmeda, George and Benjamin.

"From our earliest recollection we lived on a farm near Jamestown, Chautauqua Co., New York. The country was heavily wooded; we had a four-room long house, one room of which was father's workshop. He was a cooper and made barrels, baskets, buckets, and measures of wood. It took four years to clear the heavy timber from our four acre farm. And then the land was poor, impoverished by the heavy timber and underbrush. It raised poor wheat and corn, but produced good potatoes and other vegetables.

"We used corn bread altogether, only when mother baked a short cake of wheat flour for breakfast on Sundays. We had sand on the floors instead of carpets. Each Saturday the floor was swept and scrubbed and clean white sand brought from the near creek and sprinkled quite deep over the board floor.

"We had no stoves but cooked at the open fireplace over a wood fire. An oven was sometimes built at the side of the fireplace which was heated by filling it with live coals, removing the coals before the bread was put in to bake. Tin ovens placed in front of the fireplace were also used.

"Our fruit was wild blackberries and wild crab apples. Our sugar was made from the maple trees in the forest. In the very early spring the boys gathered the sap from the trees and boiled it down to make sugar. We had that kind only.

"The nurse who helped mother at my birth gave me a ewe lamb from which we raised a number of sheep. Father sheared the sheep and mother spun the wool and hired it woven into cloth from which our clothing was made, also the sheet blankets for our beds.

"While here at Jamestown, Mother and Father joined the Mormon Church (about 1832). Many meetings were held at our house before a meetinghouse was built and we often saw the Prophet Joseph Smith.

"On account of the poor land and expense of clearing off the heavy timber, people were moving west to the

prairie states of Indiana and Illinois. We left New York state in the winter of 1834, camping in barns and out-buildings along the way. We arrived in Kirtland, Ohio, where the Saints were gathering that spring. We remained in Kirtland four years. The Kirtland Temple was finished in the winter time (1836) and Briant and Jerry with the other boys cut wood to keep the fires to dry the plaster, while Elmeda with other little children gathered bits of glass and broken dishes which were broken up quite fine and mixed with the mortar used in plastering the Temple.

"On July 4th, 1838, we went with a company of 500 Saints, journeying with horse teams to Springfield, Illinois. Jerry and Briant helped father cut shingles. The blocks of wood were steamed in large tanks. The blocks were then put under a large knife which was fitted into a frame and the knife pressed down by means of a lever to slice off the shingles.

"We remember as children of seeing a tall quiet man standing at the shop door watching father cut shingles and they said his name was Abraham Lincoln.

"The older children attended school two winters while in Kirtland, Ohio. They had but one text-book, "Cobb's Elementary Spelling Book," from which was taught reading, writing, and spelling. Briant soon became a good penman and taught writing school in Sabra's house during the long winter evenings for 50c a term to those who could pay and free for those pupils too poor to pay. He was always generous and loved to help a friend.

"Briant and Elmeda were pretty singers. This is one of the songs we sang during the campaign of President William Henry Harrison:

"Oh, where, tell me where, was your buckeye cabin made,
It was made among the merry boys,
who wield the hoe and spade,
Where the log cabin stands, in the bonny buckeye shade."

"In a campaign parade at Springfield for William Henry Harrison for President, Briant was seated on the limb of a buckeye tree beside a raccoon on a log cabin float drawn by 14 yoke of oxen.

"In 1840 we moved to Nauvoo, Illinois. Mother was taken sick with chills and fever. We were living in a board shanty; winter was coming on and we suffered much from cold. Briant

(Continued on page 732)

"Vampire" Currency

A Million for a Loaf of Bread

COMPARATIVE SCALE OF DEPRECIATION OF THE MARK

Normal: 4.2 marks for \$1.00; January, 1919, 8.02; January, 1920, 49.8; January, 1921, 75 marks for \$1.00; January, 1922, 188 marks; June, 1922, 273; December, 1922, 7,650; January, 1923, 7,260; recovery; June, 1923, 75,000; August, 1923, 1,100,000; September, 1923, 9,700,000; October, 1923, 242,000,000; November, 1923, 130,000,000,000; and December 14, 1923, at the time the lid blew off, 4,200,000,000,000.

COULD inflation or other conditions ever raise the price of bread in the United States to one million dollars a loaf? "Impossible!" you cry. "Why, that's absurd."

Yet, twenty years ago to have said in Germany that a loaf of bread would soon cost four million marks would have brought forth equally emphatic protests.

Inflation or "reflation," call it what you will, cannot help but affect our living conditions, but of course can never bring to the United States such an aggravated, radical situation as that which occurred in Germany, unless the impossible should happen, namely a revolution which would upset our present form of government. Nevertheless

it is interesting to review the effects of such an extremity as that which overtook Germany in 1922 and 1923 just as she was striving to recover from the effects of war and revolution.

As the mark began to decrease in value, as compared to the dollar, wages doubled, but commodities and foodstuffs jumped 5000 percent and more. Bank clerks and other white-collar employees found that although their wages had been increased many times the pre-war rate, they were still unable to purchase sufficient food for their families, let alone clothing and other necessities.

Judging from this, imagine the plight of the laborer.

The German currency at first consisted of enormous quantities of paper made in small denominations

notes. Finally it became so inconvenient to keep notes under 1000 marks that tourists would leave small change from purchases on table tops and counters, picking out only the larger notes. Thus, waiters and clerks were in the habit of keeping on hand great quantities of smaller notes for change, knowing they would be left for them as tips.

AS the German people found the purchasing value of a 5000 mark note had decreased so that it would barely purchase a loaf of bread, there was great murmuring among them. To appease these malcontents, the government issued a new 10,000 mark note with the cut of a working man in the corner. Evidently having participated in the fall of the mark sufficiently to agree with the populace that the

issuance of such inflated currency was a literally "sucking the life blood of the working man," the engraver of the new banknote embodied such a thought in his design by cleverly etching in, the face of a vampire with her mouth at the throat of the workman as may be observed by holding the

note vertically with the head of the workman to the left. The sharp, pointed nose of the "vampire" is to be plainly seen just below his ear, the point of her chin



A 500,000 Mark Note

and comparatively few of higher value, but in desperation, the government began to issue 5000 mark

By

TREBOR H. TIMS

An American traveler relates his experience while visiting Germany during the period of great inflation following the World War. The article ought to be of interest just now when the gold dollar, unlike the leopard, has changed its "spots."



Ten Thousand Mark Note—"The Vampire." See the Vampire as described in article.

touching his chin, while her mouth is at his throat.

The head of the "vampire" is shrouded in a black cowl, formed by the collar of his shirt. Some claim the effect was accidental, but the thought was thoroughly conveyed that the inflation was draining the life blood of the worker.

PRESS of business during boom days just preceding and after the Great War had long delayed our trip to Europe and plans long formulated were continually being postponed. Fate, however, intervened when the aged mother of my wife took dangerously ill in Germany in 1922. Fearing she might never see her parent again, my wife made hurried arrangements and left for her native land alone, it being impossible for me to leave on such

short notice. She was privileged to be with her mother but a brief time when the expected happened. After the funeral my wife cabled me to come at once, if possible, visit Germany and then accompany her home.

Soon afterwards I landed in Bremerhaven, journeying by boat train from there to Bremen. Our ship, the liner Roosevelt, was of course dry under United States prohibition laws and upon our arrival nearly everyone hurried to the nearest place where a drink could be obtained. After that duty was performed there came the big rush to change money into German marks.

Among the chief topics aboard ship had been the increasing value of the dollar compared to the mark. Many fellow passengers feared the mark would have become stabilized before we landed, consequently

they rushed to change their dollars as quickly as possible to avoid losing such a bargain as 6000 marks for a dollar. Thus far this had been the latest quotation reported by the ship's newspaper. Great was the rejoicing of those who found the banks paid them 10,000 marks for a single dollar.

PROBABLY the most important daily news item from then on was the notation in the date line of each paper:

"The dollar stands today marks."

I am reminded of this by the scare head-line in a recent issue of our home newspaper:

"New Ban on Gold Makes Dollar Drop on Foreign Exchanges."

What if conditions should arise in the United States by which our money would be so inflated that

foreign visitors would find it possible to meet all expenses of a trip to America and actually make money by such a trip because of the ability to purchase merchandise at such a great advantage that it could be disposed of at enormous profits on their return home?

What if English and French citizens found they could come here with a few hundred pounds sterling or five or six hundred francs and live like millionaires?

Such was the condition I found existing in Germany in 1922 and 1923, due to the inflation of the mark.

The embargo on gold exports from the United States will result in an increase of prices on all goods and materials in our country, but as was the case in Germany, wages and salaries will rise nowhere near in proportion. So, possibly a brief account of my experiences during "The flight of the mark" may be of interest and perhaps of value.

My wife, being of German birth, of course spoke German fluently and English quite perfectly because of some twenty-five years residence in America. This was of great service and value to me as I lacked knowledge of the German tongue.

One of our first experiences of the effects of the inflation was the cablegram which she sent advising my journey to Germany. Ordinarily, the message would have cost about \$10.00, or in pre-war German money, about 42 marks.

Being sent from a comparatively small German city, the pompous postmaster in charge of the government cable office created quite a stir among those present in the Post Office by announcing in a loud voice, "The most expensive message ever sent from this office has just been placed by an American lady. It amounts to the sum of 40,750 marks!" Can we picture their surprise and amazement that an American woman could be so extravagant as to pay out such a great sum—the equivalent of \$10,000 (pre-war value)—to send a cablegram? The actual expense of the message was but \$3.00.

Incidentally, the cablegram also called to my attention the difference in time between our Western home and Germany (eight hours) which caused the cablegram to arrive the day before it was sent.

Taking a cue from letters I had received from my wife, I purchased

travelers' checks in \$5.00 denominations despite the protest of the bank clerk that it was foolish not to take larger ones for more convenience. Later you will see how advantageous these smaller denominations proved to be.

AT the pier I was met by my wife and soon after we arrived at my father-in-law's home, where I was warmly greeted. My trunks and luggage arrived shortly and as the baggagemen had carried them up a steep flight of stairs and then stood hat in hand, I gave each of them a 500-mark note, which at the rate of exchange then, could not have amounted to more than two and one-half cents each. But imagine the surprise, consternation and indignation of my wife's aged parent, who being sheltered from a direct understanding of the disastrous results of the inflation, could not comprehend such an extravagant tip, and remarked to my wife in German, of course, "Mein —! Is your husband so crazy that he gives these men a month's wages for a tip?"

Picture yourself in a similar position. Witness two transfer men each receiving \$125.00 as a tip. Then you can imagine what he thought of me.



Two Pioneers Meet
Jackson, 80 year old photographer
and President George Albert Smith,
Utah Trails and Landmarks Association.

Even after my wife patiently explained the situation, the old gentleman apparently could not comprehend it, for when he accompanied me to the nearest barber shop he was horrified when they charged me 50 marks for a shave and hair trim. Imagine his consternation when I again proffered 500 marks to the barber as a tip, or ten times the charge for the shave and trim. Needless to say the barber himself was effusively grateful.

Because of my inability to speak the language I would have been much handicapped and subject to the "Auslandsteuer," or foreigner's tax, which would have made my purchases cost seven or eight times more, had it not been for my wife, who handled the money, paying chauffeurs, trainmen and "Gepacktraeger" (baggage carriers); ordering meals and in fact doing everything to which ordinarily I should have attended.

This became such a fixed habit that upon our return to the United States in the Pennsylvania station I handed her the wallet as usual and said, "I guess you had better buy the tickets for home."

I realized my error when she replied, "What is the matter now; have you forgotten how to speak English?"

When first I arrived in Germany it was difficult to become accustomed to pay three or four thousand marks for a meal. The amount seemed staggering, especially when those around continually spoke of the terribly high prices, which to the natives were exorbitant.

I saw former professional men, doctors, lawyers and even ministers anxious to carry our luggage in the hope of earning a tip of 100 marks or so (less than one cent) which represented to them a good day's pay. Then I began to perceive the ill effects of the inflation.

Before leaving New York I paid 75 cents for a trunk strap and in Berlin I purchased a beautiful leather suit case, displayed in a shop window for 10,000 marks, representing but 50 cents, or less than I had paid for the strap alone.

This was only the beginning. As the dollar increased in value, its purchasing power became greater and greater.

IN Leipzig, needing an overcoat, I purchased a very fine one, latest style, for less than \$3.60. I had

two suits made to measure from good materials for about \$5.00 for both. With a "spatzierstock" (cane), and my German haircut and mustache trim I made a fairly presentable German and one day while my wife was wearing her American clothes we were twice accosted upon entering stores with the greeting, "What may we show the German gentleman and the American lady?" much to the delight of my German wife.

The dollar soon bought 40,000 marks and I have in my memoranda a note that five of us enjoyed a good dinner and attended the Charlottenberg Opera with the total expense but \$1.20 in United States money, for the entire party.

As more and more currency was printed less careful protection was shown in the engraving. Finally cheaper paper and a smaller size was used for the million mark note than for the 10,000 mark note. Instead of printing and protecting both sides of the banknote, the million mark note had one side entirely blank. The five-hundred-million mark was still smaller and less pretentious.

Before issuance of the 10,000 and higher values the problem of carrying so much currency was a real one. In fact on one occasion I found it necessary to purchase a valise to accommodate change for \$10.00.

It was then I received my reward for the writer's cramp incurred when I signed so many \$5.00 travelers' checks before leaving the United States. Tourists, who formed part of the line in the mornings at banks, regretted their large denominations, for on many occasions I have seen Americans turned down by harassed cashiers and tellers with the statement that there were insufficient marks on hand to cash a \$10.00 traveler's check. It was sometimes even necessary to be first in line to obtain change for \$5.00.

WHILE in Leipzig we visited the "Messe," which occurs twice yearly. On this occasion the entire city of Leipzig becomes a giant fair. Exhibitors from all parts of the world present their newest and best and in many instances storekeepers place their own goods in the rear of the store and rent the front space to exhibitors, who place a temporary sign over the store front. Thus the entire

appearance of the city is changed. In permanent buildings created for exhibition purposes, great crowds assemble and all languages are spoken.

Because of my ignorance of the German language I was fortunate to have my wife for interpreter. At the fair we noticed a certain well-appointed gentleman had followed us for some time, listening attentively to the able way in which my "interpreter" translated questions and answers into English.

Finally he approached us, raised his hat, bowed, and in German apologized for addressing her, then asked if she was permanently engaged as my interpreter, for if not he would like to employ her to take charge of his exhibit, provided her services were not too expensive.

Turning to me, my wife laughingly asked what reply to make, and as her weekly expense allowance had been about \$25.00 before we left America I advised her to tell the gentleman she was accustomed to five million marks weekly. As he was about to depart in confusion, my "guide" explained I was her husband, which elicited a profuse apology for having presumed to address her.

MANY tragedies resulted from the extreme inflation and there occurred at this time an epidemic of suicides principally among the

elderly persons who had scrimped throughout their lives to save sufficient to live a meager, but independent, old age. Finding, say 20,000 marks left in the bank, they found this sum insufficient to purchase even a slice of bread. So, suicide seemed the only way out. We learned of a widow, sick and unable to find work, who had two small children and an older daughter, the latter their sole support, working for a small pittance. The mother quietly let herself into the river one night that by her sacrifice the money ordinarily spent for her medicine might be used to buy food for the little ones.

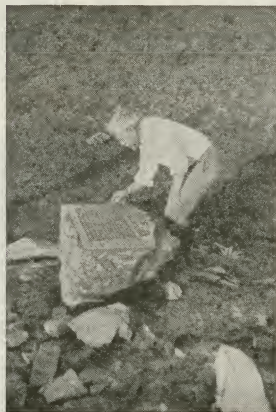
Many of the older persons were saved the ignominy of suicide by passing into a paralytic sleep, which changed into death because of lack of oil in their systems, meat and butter being too expensive for them. Their coffins were often mere shells of cardboard, shaped and painted to represent caskets, but having no bottoms. In one small town we saw a pitiful procession filing into the cemetery. The little corpse was wrapped in cloth, which was covered with a wreath or two of paper flowers and transported on a small hand wagon to the grave, where without even a box for a coffin it was lowered to its final resting place amid the sobs and cries of loved ones.

With the aid of a Lutheran minister of the small town in which my wife was reared, we were able to help a few of the more destitute by sending each month, for nearly a year after our return, a small sum in United States money. This kept five or six families in coal, groceries and meat. The minister, although in straitened circumstances, refused any of this money for his own needs and accounted strictly by letter for every cent. It was remarkable how this small sum, converted into marks, was able to do so much under his careful administration.

Inability to meet the constantly increasing taxes, forced many property holders to sell out to foreigners for insignificant sums, in foreign exchange, until a law was passed prohibiting sale of real estate to "Auslanders."

Because of the "easy pickings" crowds of foreigners from America and countries surrounding Germany, filled the stores, cafes, the-

(Continued on page 731)



Placing the Plaque on the Marker at Rock Creek, Wyoming

The Beloved Cinderella

By MARY IMLAY TAYLOR

III

"UNCLE said this was to be your room." Etta spoke coldly. She had been standing by the door silently, appraising every line and curve of Star's face and figure, keenly aware that the new-comer's hair and eyes were exceedingly lovely.

"It's—beautiful!" said Star, with a long breath. "Only I can't quite believe it's all for me!"

The other girl stared at her haughtily. "I should think it would be rather a surprise. It is to me! No sooner does Uncle—he's a millionaire, of course you know that—come down here and take this show place for the season, than a new claimant appears! Oh, yes, we've had others—whenever a reward was advertised. How in the world did you hear about it all so soon?" she asked, a little scornfully.

Star's young face went white. "I don't know what you mean!" she said in a low voice.

There was a little awkward silence, the two looking at each other, and it was Etta who flushed hotly at last.

"Oh, I didn't mean you were an imposter!" she protested. "Of course Uncle Blanchard knows about that, but—oh, well, it's queer, isn't it?"

"I never knew one word about it until Mr. Nelson came to the gate and told me Mr. Blanchard wanted to see me," Star said quietly.

Then she came a step nearer, looking intently at the dark sullen face, the beautiful gown, the jeweled hands.

"I—would you mind telling me who you are?" she asked, with a simple kind of dignity that made her seem young and girlish. "You see, I'm a stranger. I have to ask, and you don't seem to like me."

The other girl laughed hysterically. "Oh, I suppose I'm a bit sore," she admitted frankly. "You

see, I'm adopted; I'm Etta Blanchard, a dead brother's child. Uncle had no one; he's lost several children by his first wife—oh, yes, he's been married twice. And the last child was stolen—that's you, of course. He'd given up hope, and he adopted me. I was to have everything, but—now—" she shrugged her pretty shoulders—"you've turned up!"

Star's face changed quickly. "I don't want to take anything from you; please don't think that of me!"

Etta gave her a perplexed look. "You're certainly original!" she said lightly. "You can't help taking things now, can you? You are Mary Agnes Blanchard, the only child of one of America's richest men."

Star's face clouded. "I see," she said gravely. "I'd like to feel that you were all glad that I'd been found!"

"Oh, I'm awfully glad!" Etta gave her a flashing glance that showed her fine eyes. "But we mustn't stand here talking. We dine in about five minutes; you ought to be dressed. I wonder if you can wear any of my clothes?"

"Oh, I don't want to!" Star drew back. "Besides, I dined hours ago—have I got to come down?"

ETTA'S amusement deepened. "Of course you must! Uncle would be displeased



In which Stargrass, the beloved Cinderella, meets another young man—James Sinclair Carr—and is visited by Pap Binney.



NELSON



A young man emerged from the shadow behind Etta. "Here!" the magnate turned with dignity. "Mary Agnes, I want to present a young friend and loyal adviser of mine, James Sinclair Carr."

if you didn't. You can't wear that—that cotton thing! I'll send my maid to you, I—" the girl turned suddenly to the door, but not so suddenly that Star did not see that she was crying.

"Etta!" she ran to her cousin and caught impulsively at her hand. "You're in trouble—I'm so sorry!"

Etta covered her eyes with her other hand; tears choked her. For a moment her whole young body shook with a tempest of passion and anger.

"Oh!" Star cried, tears in her own eyes, "can't I help you—can't I?"

Etta shook herself free. "Let me alone!" she sobbed fiercely. "You—oh, you've come to spoil everything. I—don't touch me; I don't want to hate you! Let me alone!" she cried again and, breaking away from Star, she ran out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

Star turned from the violently shut door with a chill of disappointment and dismay. She was not welcome here. Her coming was bringing trouble—and it had all seemed so wonderful, so like a fairy-book! But now?

She switched off the lights. In the darkened room she stood looking at the miracle of moonlight on the sea and the garden, and she felt anew the thrill of its enchantment. Then Blanchard's face rose before her, astute, dominant, resourceful—her father! It was incredible. Star would have doubted it altogether but for Etta's tears; manifestly, Etta believed it. It was too sudden, too bewildering; Star could not think. She was still standing in the fragrant darkness when the French maid came, her arms full of some shimmering mauve thing.

"If mademoiselle will try this on," she suggested softly, looking admiringly at the girl. "Mademoiselle Etta sent it, she—"

Star shook her head violently. "No! I'll wear just this—my old pink gingham," she replied with a touch of pride that shrank from Etta's forced kindness; but her heart was beating in her throat and her cheeks were aflame when she descended the wide staircase.

John Nelson, standing in the lower hall, thinking of many things, but most poignantly that James Carr had come—summoned by telephone-call from Etta, as he knew—caught his breath at the sight of Star.

"Gosh!" he murmured to himself unguardedly, "lovelier than I thought—and I'm only the poor secretary here and she's—the magnate's daughter. Just my luck!"

Then his spirits rose, for she gave him the friendliest smile.

"I knew you first," she said

prettily, holding out her slim brown hand; "let's be friends."

"Friends!" he wrung her slender fingers. "If you want anything just remember—I'll try to rub Aladdin's lamp for you—any old time!"

She laughed. "It's been rubbed already! Only—" she broke off, her gray eyes lifted almost timidly toward the tall gray headed man who emerged from the library. There's—Father!" she breathed, and stood still.

Blanchard's glance swept the young figure in the faded cotton.

"I thought—" he turned frowning on Etta, who had followed him—"I thought you'd get your cousin dressed!" he said sharply.

Etta reddened. "I tried—she wouldn't. I suppose the things didn't fit," she added hurriedly.

But Blanchard gave his hand to Star.

"Come, Mary Agnes, dinner's been delayed for a new daughter of the house. Oh, by the way, where's Carr?"

A YOUNG man emerged from the shadow behind Etta. "Here!"

The magnate turned with dignity. "Mary Agnes, I want to present a young friend and loyal adviser of mine, James Sinclair Carr."

Star held out a frank hand and Carr bowed formally over it, smiling up into her eyes. Sleek, good looking, young—yet the girl did not like his face.

"This is a happy moment for us all!" he murmured gracefully.

Star drew back, blushing. She felt awkward, and she saw Etta's dark eyes flash with something like

amusement; there were no tears in them now, only a bright spot of color in the girl's cheeks.

"She hates me!" Star thought, as she was led into the dining-room by her father and placed at his right hand.

"We'll let Etta keep the head of the table for tonight," he said jestingly; "you're the guest of honor, Mary Agnes!"

STAR had the strangest feeling of unreality. The name was strange, and the place—? She looked about her with dazzled eyes. The big square room was singularly cool and refreshing; the shaded lights, the elaborate table with its glass, the filmy draperies of the long windows stirring gently in the breeze—it all seemed part of a dream. Etta, sitting opposite, was talking lightly to Carr, while Blanchard, after a desultory effort to draw Star out, turned to Nelson. They were discussing some changes in Blanchard's plans, Nelson listening and answering gravely; but all the while his eyes met Star's and his look, kind and reassuring, comforted the girl.

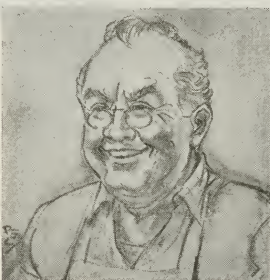
Then her father turned to urge her to eat.

"You're taking nothing," he said kindly.

Star blushed. "I've had one dinner and supper already today," she protested smiling.

He was not pleased; she saw his face change and knew intuitively that he hated the thought that she had dined over the Binney shop. The color deepened in the girl's face; she felt out of place and looked down, bewildered, at the array of forks beside her plate. For an instant she was embarrassed; she put out a nervous hand, grasped a fork and lifted it, heard Etta giggle and caught the flash of laughter in Carr's eyes. Suddenly Star felt suffocated; the room was too small for her. She laid the fork down and presently her plate was taken away, the food untasted. She knew that her father noticed it; he had dropped his talk with Nelson and he dispatched the remainder of the meal in haste, flinging a word now and then to Carr.

"By the way, I wish you'd come with me into the library and tell me about that railroad merger," he said, as he rose from the table.



DAD BINNEY

"Etta, you look out for Mary Agnes, can't you?"

ETTA, who had risen and was half way to the door, turned carelessly to Star. "Of course! Come, we'll go and get the bridge tables ready; Uncle likes bridge. Of course you play?" she added, with a gleam of laughter in her mocking eyes.

Star did not answer. She had risen, too, and Nelson saw her cheeks flame. He had always admired Etta Blanchard, but tonight he longed to teach her a lesson. She was behaving badly; anybody could see that, he thought, who was not half blind. But Carr did not heed her, he had no eyes for anyone but Star. "He'll change his allegiance, confound him!" Nelson thought angrily, as he stepped out on the terrace. Blanchard, absorbed with Carr's news, would not want his secretary and the young man had the relief of the half hour to himself.

"She's too lovely for them—too sweet!" he thought bitterly. "I hope they don't spoil her."

He heard a rustle behind him and a light step hurrying across the terrace.

"Are you there?" Star's voice sweet and tremulous.

"Have you come out to feel the night air, too?" he asked.

"Hush!" She came nearer and he could hear her quick breathing. "Tell me—I think you're my friend—what did I do tonight?"

FOR an instant he was perplexed, then he saw the outline of her young head against the light behind her, and he forgot everything else—she was so lovely, so young! "I can't think of anything you did," he parried. "I can only think of how fine it is to have you come out here to listen to the sea. Don't you love it?"

But she would not be put off. "What was the matter?" she questioned stormily, her breath coming short.

"Nothing was the matter."

"That's a fib!" she flashed at him. "They—" she choked—"they laughed at me—I wasn't eating with my fingers, was I?"

He smiled; something in her hot anger was so like a child. He wanted to tell her she was beautiful and he loved her; there was a hot tumult in his heart, but he kept his

voice cool and reassuring. "It was nothing really! An absurd thing to fret about—you happened to use the wrong fork, that was all."

"The wrong fork?" Star's eyes flashed scorn in the dark. Then she dropped down upon the marble balustrade and thought. "I see," she said at last. "It isn't trifling to Etta and—such people; they save their souls with forks. Common folks—like Pap Binney and me—do it with prayer and fasting. But it's serious; I see it—I'll have to learn!"

"It doesn't matter whether you learn or not, you couldn't be far wrong anyway!" he said, and his eyes looked down into hers.

A pale ribbon of light from one of the windows fell across her face, and for a moment they held each other, the blue eyes and the gray; then Star smiled tearfully.

"You'll have to teach me. Next time I'll look at you; when I get the right fork—wink, will you?"

YOUNG Nelson laughed joyously. "Fancy what would happen if your father intercepted that wink, Miss Blanchard!"

"Miss Blanchard"—"Mary Agnes"—Star repeated the names in a low voice. "I feel so strange; I can't bear them, those names! Please—" she looked up appealingly, "please call me 'Star,' won't you? I'd feel so much more—more at home if someone calls me 'Star.'"

He drew a long breath. "Might I? Star," he repeated it softly. "Star! It's a beautiful name—; and then: "I mustn't do it!"

The girl had risen; frankly, like

a child, she put her hand out and he took it gravely.

"Why not?" she asked. "We're friends, aren't we? And you've got to help me. You will, I know."

He did not answer for a moment, but his hand closed over hers.

"You see, I think I'm a little frightened," she went on with a soft, nervous laugh. "I—I can't realize that I'm—I'm Mary Agnes—and that all this belongs to me!"

He groaned. "Oh, I wish it didn't. I—" he turned and walked away from her, stood with his back toward her, staring blindly into the night.

Star looked after him, at first in dumb surprise and then, as she saw the outline of his strong young figure and his averted face, a new light came into her eyes, a soft, surprised understanding. She took an uncertain step toward him, stopped and stood still. The soft sounds of the night floated about them, the sweet perfume of flowers filled the air, something new and sweet and amazing thrilled the girl's senses. She blushed gloriously, turned without a word and fled softly back into the house.

IV

BREAKFAST proved a simpler, if no less exciting experience. Etta had slept late, there was no one at the table to criticize, and Star felt a growing kindness in her father's eyes. At first they had seemed to her like hard steel; now she discovered a new warmth in them. Then she became aware of Carr, who was talking to Blanchard and watching her, while Nelson, silent at his meal was grave and pale. It brought her back to earth; she was conscious of new sounds, a bustle in the hall, and the butler bringing a message to her father. He looked around at her and smiled.

"Finished your breakfast, Mary Agnes? Run along then; one of the maids will be there to open boxes. I knew you wanted a few things and wired last night. Something's come by the first train. Look the things over and send back what you don't want, my child."

Star's gray eyes dilated. "For me?" she rose excitedly, a new color in her cheeks. "I'll go and look! You're—" she stopped shyly beside his chair—"you're awfully good, sir!"



MA BINNEY

He reached out a strong hand and drew her to him. "Father," he corrected gently. "Remember—if they're not right you can have them all exchanged."

Star was excited at the thought. Would it be a new dress? She flashed by Nelson, catching a smiling glance as she went, but it was Carr who opened the door for her. He was standing there, correct and smiling in his gray tweeds, his seal-brown head polished smooth and his keen eyes searching hers.

"Ready to choose?" he laughed. "The curtain's going up on the first act, Princess!"

Star danced past him, half pleased at his open admiration. She ran, panting, upstairs, for Madeline, the French maid, had told her that the boxes were opened in the upper hall.

IT was a big place, like a room, with windows overlooking the gates of Windymere. It was full of boxes now and Madeline was taking out a bewildering mass of new and dainty clothes. Silk stockings, sandals, gowns! Here was a shimmering blue silk, there a rose pink crepe, here a miracle in green. Sport skirts, silk sweaters, fluffy long coats, hats—everything!

Star stood bewildered.

"Oh!" she cried, "how lovely! I never dreamed of such things, never!"

"If mademoiselle will try this on." The maid had selected, deftly, a pale blue thing for morning wear.

It fitted perfectly. Turning around delightedly before the mirror, Star caught her breath.

"I don't know myself!" she cried, and then, hearing Blanchard's deep voice in the hall below, she ran to the top of the stairs impulsively.

He was coming up.

"Will I do, Father?" she asked, suddenly shy.

"Just right! I didn't want you to wear old clothes, my child." He patted her shoulder. "Everything to suit, eh?"

"Oh, everything!" Star was childishly pleased. "I never dreamed of having such things—I don't know what to keep!"

He laughed. "Keep them all. We'll get something better when we go over to Paris."

"Paris?" Star gasped. "Oh, Father!"

He looked down at her and his clever middle-aged face softened. "You'd like to go to Paris, then?"

"Oh!"

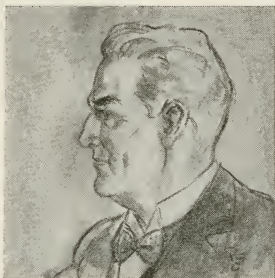
"Nothing but 'ohs,' it seems," he laughed again. "It's a new world for you, Mary Agnes. We've lost each other for a long time, but I'll make it up to you—" he stopped to hear a low toned message from a servant who had come upstairs unnoticed.

Star did not hear it, but her father's face changed quickly and she heard his curt: "Tell him to wait!" When he turned back to her his softened mood had disappeared; Star felt vaguely that there was an element in this aspect of him that froze the little budding impulse of affection in her heart. She began to pull over her boxes impulsively; she meant to ask him if he liked this or that. But she could not now, she was shy again. She forced herself to ask him cheerfully if he liked blue best—or pink.

"Keep the whole outfit, if it pleases you," he said again. "By the way, here are some things for you that were your mother's." He drew two leather cases from his pockets. "I took them out of the safe this morning. Yours now, Mary Agnes."

Star took the cases, flushed and grave. "Mother's? How I have wanted to see her always!" she cried softly.

HE put his hand on her bright hair and stroked it. "You're not much like her, my child. I was always glad she didn't know you were stolen; she died when you were born."



BLANCHARD

"Oh, Father—was she very young?"

"About your age, Mary Agnes."

Star looked up at him, expecting some show of feeling, but he did not even wait for her to speak, he was already on the stairs.

"I've got to see a man on business," he explained briefly. "You keep everything you want, no need to worry over choosing."

Star was chilled; there seemed to be something about him that she missed. Then she reproached herself. How good he was to her, how generous! It was a moment before she remembered the leather cases in her hands, and she went to the window in the hall to open them. The larger one held two bracelets set with diamonds, a ruby ring and a sapphire pendant; the smaller case, a single priceless string of pearls. Star gave a little cry of delight and dropped to her knees, looking at them. She could only vaguely surmise their value, but their beauty dazzled her. Surely, she had found Aladdin's lamp! Yesterday—she laughed softly, tears in her eyes—she had ridden Mac's old black mule!

Flushed and eager, she sprang to her feet, running to the mirror again to fasten the pearls around her neck. The light fell on them entrancingly. Star held her breath; she had never seen such pearls, far less dreamed that they would ever hang about her neck. Something hidden deep in her, some woman instinct of adornment, stirred and blossomed.

She was still gazing at them, touching them almost reverently, when a door opened and Etta Blanchard came slowly toward her. A stormy but lovely Etta, clad in something toned with the nasturtiums at her girdle, her black hair framing the rich color of her face.

Star saw her in the mirror and turned.

"Oh, Etta, look!" she cried. "My mother's pearls!"

Etta laughed. "Don't get so excited over pearls, Mary Agnes," she said carelessly. "They're lovely, of course. I've been dying to wear them myself, but Uncle's always had the wildest conviction that—you'd come back for them."

Star's gray eyes softened. "He's told me—mother never knew I was stolen!" For an instant her face was tender, then the flash of excitement lit it up again. "Oh,

Etta, I think these pearls are wonderful!"

Etta leaned against the window-frame and watched her, half laughing. "Imagine pearls with a morning frock like yours," she mocked. "Good gracious, Mary Agnes, take them off, they look absurd—now!"

For a second Star's gray eyes sparkled. "As bad as the wrong fork?" she asked quickly.

Etta colored. "Oh, I'm sorry! Of course you'll make mistakes. But—don't wear pearls before twelve o'clock—unless you're going to your own wedding."

Star laughed, but she was still fingering the necklace lovingly. "I never knew before how lovely pearls were!" she murmured to herself, ignoring the dark-eyed cousin who was looking out of the window now toward the gates.

"Good gracious!" broke in Etta's laughing voice, "who on earth is that old party going to the gate? Oh, how funny!"

Star, with the pearls still clasped about her throat, looked around.

"Pap!" she cried. "Why, it's Pap!"

She seemed to feel, rather than see, that Etta caught her red lip between her teeth to keep back her laughter. A hot flush of anger ran all over Star's young body and grew red in her cheeks. She stood, her hand still clasping the pearls, looking at Mr. Binney's homely figure plodding to the gate. The scales fell suddenly from before her eyes and she saw him as he must look to other people—to her father, to Etta! Something in the old man's walk spoke of defeat. He had been to see her father, perhaps to see her, and he had been turned away!

WITHOUT a word, Star ran past Etta to the stairs. There were window-doors below that opened on the terrace; she flung one wide and darted down the marble steps. Pap had passed out the open gates, but he was moving slowly, plodding along, his head down.

"Pap!" she cried, "Pap!" and flung herself upon him, slipping her shaking hands around his stout old arm and clinging to it.

The old man stopped with sudden great relief. "Why, Stargrass!" He patted her hands. "You all right, honey?"

"Oh, Pap, why didn't you come in? Just look at me—" she let go of his arm and whirled around before him—"would you know me? Honest, would you, Pap?"

The old man looked at her wistfully. "Got new clothes? My, but you look peachy! Yes, I'd know you, honey, even if you are rigged up like the Queen of Sheba!"

"It's only a morning frock—that's what they call it, Pap!" Star said excitedly. "And I've got oceans and oceans of things. Father telegraphed last night; they came in boxes this morning! It's like Cinderella and the fairy godmother, isn't it? And—Pap," she caught his arm again, her eyes shining, "look at these pearls—they're real, they were my mother's."

Mr. Binney touched them cautiously. "My soul, Star, they're most as big as navy beans! Remember that big one Ma b'iled in th' oyster? I was goin' t' have it set for you, but, Lordy, I reckon you'd turn up your nose at it now!"

"No, I wouldn't! But, Pap,

why didn't you stay and ask for me just now?"

Mr. Binney's rugged face clouded, some of the tenderness died suddenly out of it, he knitted his brows.

"I meant to ask for you, Stargrass, I kinder aimed t' see if you were satisfied; but, of course, I went there to find out if—if it was all regular. You see, honey, Ma never let on to me until she'd gone an' done it. She seems to have been scared for fear I'd stop her. I couldn't; it had to be. Seems kinder like a special Providence that smashed up that rogue, Pharcellus, in front of our door. He was a tough one!"

"It's been so hard for me to understand—please tell me, Pap." Star slipped her hand through his arm again, the flush dying out of her face and leaving it pale.

MR. BINNEY cleared his throat. "There ain't so much to tell, Star, Pharcellus, an' some more like him, stole you when your father an' his folks were in Italy—must have been traveling or something. He advertised for you, it seems, but I never noticed—wouldn't have connected you up with a little girl lost over there anyways. Pharcellus made a dyin' statement, got it written down by Ma, an' signed it. Pursuit got so hot over there they came across with you. One of th' gang got shot robbin' a house an' th' rest scattered. Pharcellus had you an' found out they was after him, likely to push him hard, so he brought you in down here an' dropped you in th' grass, honey. He was raised down here a-piece an' knew the lay of th' land. Now, it turns out there's been a reward offered lately for any news of you, dead or alive, no questions asked. Pharcellus must have come down here, tryin' to get that reward some way, see? Death took him, Star, an'—" Mr. Binney swallowed hard—"Ma took it into her head to take you home without tellin' me—that's all. I was afraid maybe she'd been headstrong or somethin', but th' paper an' everythin's all right. You're a mighty lucky girl, Star, I s'pose, I—" He stopped, his eyes misting.

Star's hand tightened on his arm, an eager light came into her eyes. "Pap, there's the reward—you

(Continued on page 766)

Shrines

By Mary Hale Woolsey

I LOVE to seek God's dear serenity
Within some quiet, peaceful chapel.

where
The very atmosphere breathes holiness.

It is so sweet to find Him waiting there!

But sweeter still I hold those moments
when,

Unasked, I seem to feel Him near to me;
—Perhaps within a fragrant springtime

wood,
Or wrapped in midnight's starlit mys-

tery!
Or in the red-gold beauty of His hills.

When autumn lured me, wondering,
afar,

I've stood entranced, and felt His spirit
near.

Bidding me know that these His glories
are.

And He has come in quiet twilight hours
As with some dear one I have sat apart.

—Then I have felt His blessing on the tie
That we call love, close binding heart

to heart.
And oh! the tender happiness made mine

When, laughing at a baby's funny smile,
I've felt that sudden breathless hush, and

knew
That God was near us, watching all
the while.

Yes, it is always sweet to find Him in
A beautiful, inspiring, sacred spot—

But from the far depths of my soul, I
love

The thrilling moments when He comes
unsought!

Foundations for Happiness

("Weigh" your husband or wife or prospective ones)

Arranged by PARNELL HINCKLEY

FEBRUARY is the month of Valentines—the "Heart" month of the year. *The Improvement Era* wishes to be ready for it, therefore this contest. Those interested, whether they are married or single, may participate. We are asking you to weigh the various characteristics as outlined here in such a way as to make the score total exactly 100. Mr. Hinckley has agreed to tabulate all of the scores which come in and to give us for February the average score on all of these points of judgment. The person whose score comes closest to the average score of all of those sent in, is to receive \$5. In case two peo-

ple tie, each will receive \$5. In case three tie, each will receive \$4. If it should be that more than four tie, the twelve dollars will be divided equally among them. In case there are no ties the first will receive \$5; the second, \$3; the third, fourth, fifth and sixth, each \$1.

Rules

1. Either clip this page from the *Era* and mark your score on it or, if you use another sheet of paper, be sure your numbers correspond. Write clearly.
2. Be certain that your score totals 100.

3. All entries must be in *The Improvement Era* office not later than December 15.
4. Each entry must bear the name and address of the entrant, and whether he or she is married or single.
5. Judgment shall be final. The winning score, together with the names and addresses of the winners will be published in *The Improvement Era*.
6. Address all entries to The Foundations For Happiness Editor, *The Improvement Era*, 50 North Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

WHEN you like or love a person you do so for very definite causes. Though you may not be aware of the real reasons, they exist just the same and are actual and sometimes very exact.

If you get acquainted with a good horse, automobile, radio, or typewriter and learn to like any one of them, there are definite and real reasons for doing so. The

better you get acquainted with an article of genuine merit, something that is really fine, the better you learn to like it—that is, if you possess the powers to appreciate real values.

The converse is just as true, the better you get acquainted with an inferior or false article, the less you like it because acquaintance brings out the flaws and reveals the

defects and exposes the shams.

When you look for a husband or wife, look for real merit or value; you have a long while to get acquainted. The following are those characteristics considered of most value. Grade each item according to your judgment of its importance so that the 10 totals combined will equal one hundred points or a perfect person.

BE SURE TO GIVE EACH CHARACTERISTIC SOME SCORE. SUGGESTIONS AND CRITICISMS WELCOMED.

SCORE		
_____	1. <i>A Cheerful Person:</i> (Suggestive definitions.)	a. One who radiates good cheer and good will. b. One who inspires hope, confidence and optimism. c. One who is habitually happy.
_____	2. <i>A Person of Refinement and Education:</i>	a. One who is courteous and helpful. b. One who is trained to feel and show proper respect for persons, places, and occasions. c. One who is trained to understand, appreciate and use the wonderful things of Creation.
_____	3. <i>Good Stock or Good Family Tree:</i>	a. Good heritable characteristics, qualities, and tendencies. b. No feeble-mindedness nor insanity. c. No predisposition to special diseases of body or nervous system. d. A tendency toward superior strength of body and mind.
_____	4A. (Women Grade 4A only): <i>A Man Should Be A Home Lover and Able Provider:</i>	a. His first concern should be the happiness and well-being of his family and home. b. He should love his wife and children. c. He should be properly trained in a wholesome vocation which will return sufficient means to provide needful food, clothing, shelter, and the common opportunities for the family's growth.
_____	4B. (Men Grade 4B only): <i>A Woman Should Be Trained To Be A Good Mother and Home Manager:</i>	a. She should know and be prepared to practice the best methods for feeding, clothing, and housing the family. b. She should provide a suitable cultural training for the children. c. She should be trained in economy, know how to budget her home accounts, and be able to train the children to do likewise.

SCORE	5. <i>Good Home Training:</i>	a. One who has been so reared as to become a worthy home member. b. One trained to cheerfully share the home duties and responsibilities. c. One trained in moral habits, habits of work, thrift, and appreciation of the rights and feelings of others.
	6. <i>An Honest Person:</i>	a. One who habitually tells the truth and does not steal. b. One who does not intentionally deceive or misrepresent.
	7. <i>An Unselfish Person:</i>	a. One who does not live for self only. b. One whose activities are directed toward the good of all, and who shares his means and talents with them.
	8. <i>A Person of Faith in God and Active in Religion:</i>	a. One who believes in an actual and living God who is the Father of us all. b. One who attends his church with some degree of regularity. c. One who gives of his means to support a church. d. One who gives his church some individual and personal service.
	9. <i>Health of Body and Mind:</i>	a. A person with a healthy body and mind. b. A body with no organic diseases. c. A mind and nervous system that is sound and of at least average intelligence.
	10. <i>A Sexually Moral Person:</i>	a. One who does not commit unlawful sex acts. b. One who holds strictly to the single sex standard.

100

TOTAL

¶ Vampire Currency

Continued from
page 723

atres, etc., and gave a false appearance of prosperity and financial activity, while actually the proprietors and their employees, were in actual want.

THE following experience illustrates the value of the mark at this time from our standpoint and that of the German worker: On this occasion, when about to board a train we were hailed by a breathless porter from the hotel we had just left, who had followed us on foot all the way. In his hand was my wallet, filled with German marks, which I had accidentally left in our rooms. Recalling that there could not have been more than a dollar's worth of change left in the wallet, I had not worried particularly about it. The porter told us the maid had found it soon after we left and the manager had sent him to overtake us. He was overjoyed when I gave him half the contents, for himself and the maid, and remarked that was the equivalent to two months' wages for each of them. Therefore, 50 cents in our money would have paid either of them for four months' work in that hotel.

In another hotel a youthful bell-

boy offered to sell himself for a period of four years, in any capacity we wished, if we would take him to America with us.

As the exchange varied, "sheibers" or grafters, traveling by fast cars from the metropolitan banks to the country banks, traded to their advantage, before the small banks could check up the difference in exchange, with the larger city banks.

To avoid this practice, the government passed a law forbidding German citizens from trading in the dollar. Nevertheless, this practice was secretly carried on even by large manufacturing concerns.

INFLATION may never affect us as it did Germany, but it is an interesting comparison. Can we imagine a situation like the following ever occurring in the United States:

My German parents-in-law paid premiums to an insurance company from the time they were married until the wife died at about 70 years of age. The sum realized from the insurance was 10,000 marks, or at pre-war exchange about \$2,500.00. When the money was paid by the insurance company

the mark stood at about 200,000 for the dollar and so the amount received was hardly the price of a loaf of bread! This is but one example of things the inflation did to Germany, but gives food for reflection.

Arriving at a hotel in Leipzig on a cold drizzly January day in 1923, my wife showed symptoms of a severe cold. As our rooms were very cold and no heat to the water, I rang for the porter and asked him to regulate the heat at once, whereupon he apologetically informed me that because of the French occupation of the Ruhr coal district, the miners had gone on strike and coal had become extremely expensive. I still insisted that something must be done because of my wife's illness. He retired and soon the proprietor came and in good English reiterated the porter's apologies.

Asking why a small fire could not be made I was informed the hotel was equipped only with central heating and to heat one room would require serving of all rooms, which would be a great expense. I insisted upon knowing how much it would cost to heat the whole

hotel and he excitedly exclaimed, "Es Kostet Viel." (It will be a terrible expense) continuing that it would cost as much as 500,000 marks.

A speedy mental calculation showed that would be about \$1.00 at the prevailing rate of exchange and so I bundled his arms full of miscellaneous currency to the required amount and told him to hurry with the heat. It was not long until the gentle sizzle of steam was heard and later as we entered the dining room, guests were standing near radiators rubbing their hands and congratulating the proprietor on his generosity in providing for their comfort when other cafes and business houses had been freezing and cheerless all day.

To my great confusion he said, "Don't thank me. Thank the American millionaire over there who has so graciously provided the means." The guests beset me at once, all talking and offering their thanks until I was forced to abandon the dining room until later.

I HAVE before me copies of the "Daily Berlin American," a German newspaper printed in English. Number 49, dated February 27, 1923, has the price printed in large figures, "Price 400 Marks" at the top and in the date line, "5000 Marks per Month." Number 50, the next day's issue has raised the price to 500 marks and the subscription to 10,000 marks per month. Number 60, ten weeks later, has raised the subscription to 12,000 marks per month. A tidy sum to pay for a month's subscription based on 4 marks for a dollar!

The following clipping shows how many expenses of daily life increased:

FARES AND POSTAGE FROM MARCH 1

We beg to draw the attention of our readers to the rise in price of the following public institutions from to day March 1, 1923:

Elevated and Underground

III. class for the first five stations: 150 marks, all stations 200 marks.

II. class 160 respectively 250 marks.

Tramcar

Single ride 250 marks; transfer ticket 350 marks.

Railway

I. class 96, II. class 48, III. class 24, IV. class 16 marks per kilometer.

Stadtbahn (City and District)

II. class from 320 to 640 marks according to distance, III. class from 160 to 320 marks.

Postal Rates

Postcards: local 20 marks, provinces and Austria 40 marks. Letters: local 40 to 120 marks according to weight, provinces and Austria 100 to 180 marks according to weight; printing matter 20 to 150 marks; samples 100 to 120 marks.

Rents

About 80 times pre-war rent.

Gas

420 marks per cubic meter.

Electric Light

800 marks per kilowatt hour.

In some of the newer hotels, we noticed many examples of "Ersatz" or substitution, brought about by the inflation. In one, a supposed marble staircase, had marble edges about a foot wide, while the treads concealed by the carpet, were of ordinary wood. In the rooms and halls, were beautiful rugs of many and varied patterns, *all woven of paper*.

In store windows we also saw

displayed, good appearing clothing for men and women also made of paper. We wondered what the result would be if a wearer were caught in a heavy rain storm.

The following clipping shows that even furniture was made of paper:

PAPER FURNITURE IN GERMANY

(International News Service)

Berlin, Feb. 26.—An addition to the list of substitutes for which Germany has become famous since the war has been made by the development of a process for making furniture out of paper.

The inventor, Karl Abt, declares that the finished product is thoroughly substantial and serviceable. Preparations are being made for large scale production.

Of course we feel that such conditions as related herein, can never take place in the United States of America, but with bank holidays, insurance moratoriums, farmers' strikes, gold embargoes, abandonment of the gold standard, mortgage and tax sale riots, with threats of communistic up-risings—things will occur to recall in some ways the effects of the inflation in Germany, when people paid "A Million for a Loaf of Bread."

A Hundred Years Ago

Continued from page 719

and Jerry went up the Mississippi River about 6 miles, cut logs, carried them to the river on their backs, where they made a raft and floated them down the river to the town of Nauvoo, and built us a house of two rooms. We only remained there during the winter and spring. Briant was baptized into the Church in Nauvoo, June, 1841, by William Riley.

"The whole family being sick with malaria fever we returned to Springfield, Illinois, the following summer.

"We moved to Nauvoo a second time in 1845. Father was again sick with the ague, so Briant had all he could do to support the family.

"During the summer of 1846 the family consisting of Father and Mother, Briant, George and Benjamin moved with the rest of the Saints from Nauvoo to Winter Quarters, Nebraska, where they remained until the summer of 1848 (June 4th), when they journeyed across the plains and mountains, reaching Salt Lake Valley, Sept. 24, 1848.

"Briant Stringham left Winter Quarters with the first pioneers, April 13, 1847 and arrived in Salt Lake Valley, July 24th, 1847."

Through this record of the past my grandfather ceased to be a name on my pedigree chart. He became an active valiant youth who went through the crucible of the establishment of the Church and came out pure gold. To have met him, if only on the written page, has enriched my life.

Don't miss the thrill of being a prospector in the field of Treasures of Truth.



At Church Rock, Wyoming, Where 1847 Company Held Services

Extracts from Letters and Journals of Oscar Winters

While in the Mission of the Y. X. Company at Deer Creek

[These extracts from the diary of Oscar Winters were handed to *The Improvement Era* by Parker Robison. Because they are so full of interest, and because they indicate the manner in which good diaries are written, we are printing them. Note the simplicity and yet the detail of these brief narratives. The Church is full of such priceless bits of history, and though we have not the space to print many of them, we should like to encourage the present generation to keep similar detailed accounts of the happenings around them.]

July 5th, 1857.

WE arrived at this place about four or five miles above the old crossing the 25th of June. The mountaineers and Indians appeared to be favorable to our making a settlement here, and we were quite willing to try it ourselves. We have enclosed about 10 or 15 acres of land and planted about four bushels of potatoes on the 4th, and shall plant the rest this week, corn and other seeds, that we have. A portion of the men are at work getting out timber for our corral and fort buildings, and we are doing as well as could be expected. Some of the Sioux Indians were here when we came. They are much better looking than the Utes. Some of the Arapahoes have paid us a visit. The Sioux and Crows are at war with each other and as near as we can learn, not having any one with us that can talk with the Sioux, Crows or Arapahoes—the Utes are having a finger in the pie. The squaws came down the creek yesterday and about fifty dogs with them. They pointed up the creek and said "Utahs" and drew their fingers across their throats.

The emigrants say that the government has sent out about seven thousand soldiers to whip the Cheyenne Indians that are a short distance south of us, and then they are going to Utah to kill what few Mormons are there. We are looking for more correct news by the mail from Independence, which we expect between the 12th and 15th. The Sioux killed 50 lodges of the Crows just north of us a few days ago, so they say, and the Crows are running them off East and are pursuing them for revenge. We have seen several war parties from the West that have been out against the Utes. The soldiers and the Cheyennes are fighting in the south. We are pretty much surrounded with wars and rumors of wars but are perfectly at peace here at present and enjoy ourselves quite well. We have good singers and good music in camp and a good set of men. Captain

Smoot is with the mail east. The company is in charge of Captain Jones until he returns. Jones thinks that most of this company will be sent home in the fall after we have built up this station and one at Labout. There will be men enough left at each station to hold them. I think I shall be one that will be sent home and I do not think I would like to settle here. We are not allowed to kill any game on Indian lands or trade with them, and we have nothing of our own to trade with the emigrants.

I do not see that this mission will be of much benefit to any individual, but will be of service to the Church if it is carried out successfully.

The boys at Horseshoe we hear are all well. Calvin Moore is crazy with the toothache. He has been troubled for some time with a foul stomach. I shall use my influence to have him sent home the first opportunity on account of his health, if he does not get better. We could hardly do without him. He is the best cook in camp and has been able to attend to that duty for ten since we came to this place. We expect the mail from Salt Lake about the 12th and then I shall expect a long letter.

I have commenced this letter while I have leisure to be ready to answer yours that I expect to receive by the Salt Lake mail, as there will be but a short time, between the arrival of the two mails, one from the east and one from the west at this place.

This is a tolerably pleasant location. There is no water but the creek for drinking, and that is warm. Other resources are tolerable, except hay. The soil is light. The fruit is very light this season, owing to drouth and cold. There is stone coal in abundance in several places here and some as good in appearance as I ever saw. To give you an idea of how we look: Imagine thirty wagons corralled in a circular form with a space at one side for driving the horses in and out and for the guard to stand (I have to stand guard about once a week) with eight good large round tents pitched on the outside, and you can imagine that you see some building houses, some plowing, irrigating, planting, digging, chopping, teaming, blacksmithing, herding, working on the ditch—all to be seen from camp at the same time. It is quite interesting and a pleasing sight. I shall endeavor to fill this mission honorably and return home as soon as I can consistently. We work regular hours and are credited, though I do not know

how much per day, as everything we draw is charged to us on the book. Some that are dissatisfied say that we are allowed twelve dollars per month and charged four dollars per week for board. I am satisfied that the work is a good one and I wish to have an interest in every scheme and good work, plan or principle that is adopted by the legal authorities of the Church, and I believe that if we are faithful and obedient we shall be blessed with wisdom to enable us to procure temporal blessings in their time and seasons. I still hope for a better day with us.

July 8th.

I am very happy to acknowledge the receipt of your letter last night. As there is room I will give you a short description of the novel and exciting scene. You must remember the mails start the second of each month. A single horseman rode into camp about eight o'clock in the evening. The first word he spoke, as if by instinct every man seemed to hail him as a messenger of gladness. He said the mail from the city was down at the crossing. He was in danger of his life by being run over by the crowd. He made a demand for twenty horses and seven men to go on with the mail in 15 minutes. He had the complement with mounted men to drive the horses to his camp—so you see what chance there is of writing after the mail arrives. They drove on the same night. They are driving 75 and 90 miles per day and night and would not stop five minutes to save a man's life. Our men returned about 11 o'clock. The crowd broke for the captain's wagon to get the letters. The horses in the corral partook of the spirit of the times and stampeded, broke over the guard and went snorting over the plains with horsemen after them. The letters were handed out and some got their own and some others letters and made a break for the fire to read them. I managed to get mine and between firelight and moonlight read it. I would not have missed having one for fifty dollars.

About twelve or one o'clock all became quiet. The horses were recovered and I retired to bed feeling as the boy said after his whipping, much refreshed. I will assure you I felt better that night than I have since leaving home.

July 9th.

I am still in good health. My time
(Continued on page 740)

As the World Spins

All to be Finger Printed

IF Senator Copeland, of New York, gets his way, everybody in the United States will be finger-printed. He urges this means of curbing the racketeering now going on. The Senator will next be advocating the prohibition of the sale of gloves. If finger prints, or anything else will help with America's serious situation, then we should all be for it.

Mercur Residents Celebrate

FOUR hundred former residents of Mercur, Utah, one of the most famous of the mining camps of early days, met recently in Salt Lake City and expressed the hope that the town will be revived as metals come back. There is not a house still standing in Mercur except the remnants of the jail, a vault, and the old transformer building. The first high tension power line to be used in the world ran from Provo Canyon to Mercur, according to records.

Femco Johanna Bess Fayne, Queen of the Holsteins

THE bovine lady named in the title recently established a new milk record. She produced 33,649.8 pounds of milk in a single year. She produced 1208.5 butterfat which was made into 1510.62 pounds of butter. Her milk tested 3.6. A cow like that is a marvelous factory. At twenty-five cents the pound her butter for a year would bring \$375.13. The champion lives on a farm at Breckenridge, Minn. Her owner is F. E. Murphy.

Italian Flies Upside Down Longest

THE Italians recently visited this country with a fleet of air-ships and returned safely; an Italian ship broke all speed records for an Atlantic crossing; and now Lieutenant Tito Falconi has won back his championship for inverted flying. He flew head down for 3 hours, 6 minutes, and 39 seconds. Italy seems to be regaining the spirit of the Romans.

Indians Getting a New Deal

ONE million five hundred thousand dollars is to be used by the Department of the Interior for the construction of day schools for the Indians, according to John Collier, commissioner of Indian affairs. He maintains that Indians can be educated at great saving in day schools rather than

in boarding schools as they are being educated at present. In the boarding schools, Mr. Collier says, an Indian pupil costs the government from \$360.00 a year up; in the day schools from \$125.00 a year down.

The itemized list of projects includes:

Utah—Uintah and Ouray, addition to day school, \$13,000.

Utah—Uintah and Ouray, remodeling, \$15,000.

Idaho—Fort Hall, two cottages, \$10,000.

Idaho—Fort Hall, three new plants, \$30,000.

Idaho—Fort Lapwai, extension of heating main, \$10,000.

Arizona—Havasupai, remodeling day school, \$1000.

Arizona—Hopi, additions to day schools, \$66,000; Pinon, day school plant, \$30,000; high school, Oraibi, \$70,000.

Arizona—Leupp, two day school plants, \$35,000.

Montana—Rocky Boy, day school additions, \$7000.

Wyoming—Shoshone, remodeling, \$25,000.

Montana—Fort Belknap, physician's house, \$7000.

Nevada—Walker River, hospital quarters and garage, \$15,000.

Nevada—Western Shoshone, cottage, \$3500.

Montana—Blackfeet, water supply, \$10,000.

Arizona—Fort Apache, day school, Cedar Creek, \$6000.

Montana—Fort Belknap, enlargement of plants, \$15,000.

Montana—Tongue river, water supply and sewer, \$45,000.

Montana—Blackfeet, enlargement, \$7000.

Montana—Flathead, reroofing buildings, \$5000.

Terms of the Wheat Pact

IMPORTING and exporting nations pledge cooperation for the rehabilitation of wheat.

Importing nations promise:

1. To lower tariffs when wheat remains for four months at a price equivalent to 63.08 U. S. cents in gold per bushel. (This is 89 cents in terms of today's dollar rate.)

2. Not to encourage domestic production.

3. To do their utmost to increase consumption.

4. To modify quota restrictions limiting wheat imports.

Exporting nations agree:

1. To accept the fixed market price for the four months' period.

2. To export no more than 560,000,000 bushels for the year 1933-34.

3. With the exception of Russia and the Danubian countries, to reduce production for the year 1934-35 by 15 per cent. This applies only to the so-called "big four"—the United States, Canada, Argentina and Australia.

American Gold Dollar Changes

THE American gold dollar became subject to the "new deal" when President Franklin D. Roosevelt lifted the embargo on new gold. The gold dollar which had been fixed by law at 25.8 grains 9-10ths fine, under the new order of things will have its contents shifted with the value of gold. For instance, on August 29 gold sold in London at the equivalent of \$29.23 per fine ounce. That price shifts the content of the dollar from 25.8 grains to 18.24 grains, 9-10ths fine. The experts say that the first commodity to be effected by this change will be silver.

The Rex, an Italian Ship, Breaks Speed Record

THE Rex, crossing from Gibraltar to Ambrose Light, a distance of 3,181 miles, in four days, thirteen hours, and fifty-eight minutes, at an average speed of 28.92 knots per hour, equivalent to 33.3 land miles per hour, broke all previous records for the journey.

Hoarders Given Fifteen Days in Which to File Statements of Their Holdings

AFTER thirty days all private gold holdings of more than \$100 will be prohibited unless valid reasons are given why the metal cannot be replaced by currency.

The following exceptions were given:

1. Gold coin, gold bullion, and gold certificates in an amount not exceeding in aggregate \$100 belonging to any one person.

2. Gold coin having a recognized special value to collectors of rare and unusual coin.

3. Gold coin, gold bullion, and gold certificates acquired or held under a license heretofore granted by or under the authority of the Secretary of the Treasury.

4. Gold coin, gold bullion, and gold certificates owned by federal reserve banks.



In Memoriam to Sara Teasdale

By Christie Lund

YOU, who with fragile words spun
loveliness,
Caught April rain and evening's purple
hue;
Voiced the mute anguish of stark loneli-
ness
In terms as flawless as dawn's transient
dew;
Who sang of love: Its ecstasies, its pain,
Its loss—the soul's defeated depths—its
tears;
Who wrapped in imagery life's loss and
gain
You have found rest at last from all your
years.

And we, we who have read your words
and wept,
Making their cry a faucet for our own
Unutterable grief. We who have kept
Faith through each breath of beauty we
have known,
Mourn for the heart that lies so cold, so
chilled,
Yet know its heart songs shall go on, un-
stilled.

Town Etchings

By Jean McCaleb

LIKE posies trimmed with ribbon roads,
Big towns and little grow—
Some beckon gay,
Along my way,
While some an icy stare bestow.

The mountain town's a brigand town,
A brigand, guarding valiant steeple;
But factory towns
Seem built of frowns
And smudged with heartaches of their
people.

When vagabonding days are done,
And I await old age serene,
I'll choose a brown
Plump urchin town
With merry cheeks scrubbed rosy clean!

Promissory Note

By Cristel Hastings

THE clean October earth held it in
trust—
A bulb as brown as any sparrow's breast—
Watered by Autumn's showers, warmed
by suns
And winds that drift forever from the
West.

Beneath the fragrant earth the bulb ma-
tured
Sending its slender blades up through the
sod
Until one April dawn a lily swayed
And offered waxen petals up to God!

The Moon Bridge

By Lydia Hall

TWAS night, the world was silent—
dark
I couldn't hear a sound,
And then the shining moon came up
So yellow, large and round.

It shone upon the river wide
And made a bridge of gold:
I think that the fairies walked across.
'Twas made for them I'm told.

To Elsie

By Rosalind Hale

OF all things which have touched my
life,
You are most beautiful, by far;
I have loved and yet not reached the
heights,
I have dreamed and not attained.
I have striven—yet could not climb the
wall.
I have hoped to find someone with
thoughts akin to mine.
With longings sweet, and reasons made for
living thus,
Someone who spoke the language that I
know.

I had hunted, but not found,—then you
came!

I knew the moment I saw you
That there was something I had sought,
Priceless and untouched,
Etched with Dantean clearness
Against the sameness of the rest:
A quivering flame of Cerulean blue,
Lovely, exquisite flower of genius borne,
Potential beauty, rare, not unleashed,
A perfect promise of new light-unborn,
But true, delicious realness to me.
Ah, could I but tell you what I feel.
The joy you brought, the doubt you took
away;

The poignant nearness of your soul to
mine

Creates a world for us which none may
share;

They would not understand, and why
should they?

This joy which you have brought to me,
dear girl.



Knowledge

By Catherine E. Berry

IT is a fearful thing to know
That Life can take and break you so.
It is a joyful thing to learn
When Winter goes, Spring will return.

Vacation Prayer

By Weston N. Nordgren

LORD, give me country roads,
Where air is pure, and dust is free—
And wind and storm are wild with glee!
The cities, cramped by toiling man,
Seem anthills, to Thy plan
Of night and stars,
And day and sun!

Lord, give me just the smell of earth
Soaked through by cleansing rain—
Or furrows on the plain.
The cities, foul with pavements' smell
Drive me to seek the fields that tell
Of woods and crops,
And life and fun!

Lord, give me nights of peace and rest
Against the ever ample breast
Of Nature, in her country home.
And bring me back each year again
From throbbing, teeming streets of men,
To find Thy blessings, as I roam.

The Pity of Content

By Carlton Culmsee

IF I had lost her, I should not have
known
This deep content. And yet I should have
kept
Secure and bright, some treasures that are
now
Slipping away.

Tonight I watched her hands—
Gracefully as thoughtless eager flames—
Tell her delight in the strange sunset,
speaking
More warmly than her words.

Then I recalled
That once her movements, which now
often go

Unmarked, as bits of necessary acts,
Could fill me with exhilarating wonder.
Light wren-like gestures of the hands and
head,

And laughter in a small wild cataract;
I knew them then for what they really
are—

Flashes of many colors from a mind
That swiftly kindles at a little beauty
And at another's fortitude or triumph.

This, I think, is the pity of content.
Graces one hungered for and feared to lose,
Glamors that only one girl ever has,
Grow like a painting seen day after day
Until it fades into the sturdy wall.

Editorial

Investments

RECENTLY a young fellow came into the office of *The Improvement Era* and introduced himself. Upon being asked what could be done for him, he replied that he had come in to get a little "pep," to have his battery recharged, so to speak. He was up against a situation and he wanted encouragement.

Though he was strange to us we soon found that he was a Latter-day Saint boy who had set his eyes upon medicine as a life's work. He had finished his work for a bachelor's degree and had completed one additional year in medicine, and had been accepted as a student at a large eastern university.

But he was without funds.

This chap had worked his way through school with a little assistance from his father. He was out of debt, but cutting the estimated cost in that eastern university as much as he could, decided that he would need \$2,000 for his next two years of work, which would give him his M. D. degree. He wanted to know if we knew anybody who would make an investment in him. He had a life insurance policy for \$2,000 which he could give to the investor, but other than that he had nothing tangible except a name and a father who also, though without funds just now, has an honorable name.

We were unable to help much except to urge him to keep up his courage. We had no money which we could invest and we knew of no one who possessed money who would risk it in an investment of that kind.

Since his departure we have been wondering if investments of that nature would not, after all, be the kind that would bring in great dividends some day. No one could look at that boy without knowing that nothing short of tragedy would jeopardize that loan. That two thousand dollars would assist in buying for the world better health and kindly service; it would strengthen and build up a soul; it would continue to work throughout time adding dividend upon dividend.

We know a man who made such an investment. A young fellow had finished a term's work at an eastern university and was faced with the necessity of returning home without obtaining the coveted degree for which he had sacrificed much. A man, almost a stranger, came up to that student and said: "Perhaps it is money that is causing your withdrawal from the university. If it is, if you will not think me presumptuous, although I have not much and am in debt myself, I should like to invest in you. You may pay it back when you can upon your return to your home."

The investment was made; the degree was had by the student; the loan has been repaid; and the Good Samaritan will continue to draw dividends

so long as that student continues to serve his fellowmen.

There are those in the Church who do make such investments; there are others who could. We wonder if they would not pay more than investments in some other things.—H. R. M.

Why Tolerate Slot Machines?

PLAYING a slot machine is not even gambling—it is merely learning to gamble while being robbed, if one can rely upon a multiplicity of testimony.

A person who is seen playing a slot machine advertises his ignorance or his mentality, for no wise, sane person of normal intellect would throw money away in such a useless and foolish manner.

Arthur Marhewich, assistant district attorney of New York County, gathered 750 slugs and decided to play as long as he could stand the grind. He played approximately 1800 times, "using not only the original slugs but all the slugs he won from the machine. He ended with no slugs and a sore arm. Twice he won the jack pot, but both were won near the end of the 1800 turns."

Dr. E. E. Free, of New York University, calculating on an ordinary type of slot machine, has shown that out of 1,000 slugs put in the machine, if the player happens to hit the mathematical average of results, he will receive 746 slugs. The "house percentage" is 244 slugs. On a nickel machine this means that for \$50 the player should get back \$37.80. "If the pleasure of pulling the lever 1,000 times is worth \$12.20, you may consider yourself even," Dr. Free said. But his is an optimistic calculation. * * * Mr. A. P. Peck, of *The Scientific American*, has worked out similar chances of winning, confirming Dr. Free's assertion that mathematically the player has only one chance in one thousand of winning a jack pot on the ordinary machine."

These quotations were taken from *The Literary Digest* of August 26, in which Wayne W. Parrish suggests that changes should be made in our laws to make the sale of gambling slot machines impossible. There is no objection to vending slot machines into which a person may drop a coin and receive a package of candy or a ticket for the subway, but even these become vicious when something more may be had if one is lucky.

Why should civilized Christian people tolerate slot machines when they know that the child is robbed of his pennies and the gullible person of his nickels and dimes mechanically while the smug robber—owner of the store or "joint"—stands by and sees it done. Why is it worse to use a revolver in the business of highway robbery than a machine much larger and more effective—one that robs its victims of \$25,000,000 annually in New York City alone and proportionately in other cities of the country?—H. R. M.

Editorial

Impression and Expression

A YOUNG man came into the *Era* office a short time ago to discuss a poem he had written, and poetry in general. "It is hard for me to understand," he said, "how people resist writing poetry, if they feel what I feel when looking at rolling wheat fields, summer clouds, and tall mountains. It cannot be that they can look at beauty without feeling it; and if they do feel it, they *must* express it, if they are like me!"

How many people are there who can look at things without absorbing much of them? How many are unaffected by loveliness? Some who might be accused of these charges perhaps, like sponges, absorb, but do not give until squeezed; some enterprising maker of statistical charts could do worse than surveying humanity in part and finding out who are the ones getting no impressions of beauty; who are getting, but giving no responsive expression; and who are the ones sensing their impressions so vividly that they cannot restrain themselves from expression.

Think what life would be if expression were limited only to necessities; pass the bread; account rendered; the house is on fire; the coal bin is low, etc. Countless matters are closely tied up with mere existence, and impression and expression along these lines usually are more or less mechanical, being received and given out somewhat thoughtlessly, and attended with little of color or imagination or warmth. Not far above this plane is the one of making needless comment with little purpose and less pleasure—a boy threw a rock through the basement window; the neighbor's cat kept me awake all night; the tax-collector was around, the old pest; that epidemic of something or other, somewhere in Kansas or Oklahoma, sure is awful, etc., etc. An expression of this kind adds little of either mental or emotional stimulus; certainly no uplift; consequently it is of the brand of expression just as well left bottled up, where time will make it seem hardly worth saying, comparatively.

What things are worth saying? And what worth hearing? Are the same things valuable to you as to me? If so, are they important to the man who lives down the block three houses, or the woman in the great house up on the hill? And last, can anyone answer the foregoing queries intelligently, without knowing all the people and what their interests are?

To take the last question first: surely there are some subjects of vital interest to all who have intelligence of a high order and appreciation of human values. The popularity of an author, the success of a play, the reputation for cleverness attained by one here and there, the fame of a resort—canyon, lake, mountain—come about because the same things have made appeal to a number of individuals; therefore such things are deemed important. Dickens still is loved and

read and quoted; Shakespeare will never die; Raphael and Michelangelo and Millet live on and on because they have had something to express to many who understood their language, and the expression was worth something, for it was an expression of uplift. The man who lives down the block and the woman on the hill can listen to a stanza from Shelley's "To a Skylark" and thrill to the imagery and color in it:

"Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves;
By warm winds de-flowered,
'Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet
Those heavy-winged thieves."

Expression of Shelley's becomes impression to others who listen and live with Shelley's great sense of appreciation and beauty. The talk of a group of loafers congregated around the steps of the corner store will not be quoted in years to come; probably forgotten, for the most part, within the hour, and better so. And all because impression and expression were insignificant and worthless, if nothing more demoralizing.

There is little likelihood of a statistically-minded person making a survey and compiling a report of the impressions people are absorbing and the expressions they are making, desirable and valuable as such might be. We each must be our own statistician, measuring what we take into our own souls, and what part of it we transmute into expression and give out to others. Our right to happiness, and our happiness itself, should be in direct proportion to the richness of our impression and the value of our expression.—E. T. B.

Outstanding Thinker on Prohibition

Sergeant Alvin C. York
The Outstanding Hero of the World War

IT is truly to be deplored that there are those Americans who find no more intelligent reason to offer for the repeal of the 18th Amendment than that it should increase the revenue of the U. S. A., patently ignoring recognition of the incalculable harm, misery, and the economic ruin and havoc it will release in countless homes, but more particularly in the lives of the boys and girls of our great country.

That the brewers and alcoholists welcome repeal, is not in the least hard to understand; but that those controlling the destiny of our people should be sponsoring a thing as manifestly evil as alcohol, historically a wrecker of homes and of happiness, and breeder of violences too numerous to catalogue, is indeed incomprehensible, if not woefully tragic.

The Magic Bowl



Beatrice Farley Stevens

The entire cast of "The Magic Bowl" as it was presented at June Conference.

BEHIND everything praiseworthy and fine there is usually to be found some personalities who have talent and a willingness to sacrifice and serve. "The Magic Bowl," the beautiful and interesting musical sketch which was given at the June Conference, and which will probably be given in hundreds of wards in October, is no exception.

Mrs. Beatrice Farley Stevens, wife of Stringham A. Stevens a member of the Y. M. M. I. A. General Board, is the genius behind the *Magic Bowl*.

Mrs. Stevens, a Mutual worker for a dozen years and a ward president for five, said she observed the road shows with interest and wondered if she might not contribute something that would make them finer and more interesting.

"I observed," said she, "that most of the acts were built around the younger members of the Mutuals. I wondered if an act could not be made that would not only use but feature every department. As a result I constructed the *Magic Bowl*."

Mrs. Stevens was not entirely new at the business of creation. During the previous year she had assisted with an act by composing a bit of music and some poetry, but early last summer she set about building up a plot which she could offer as the road show act for her ward, the 33rd Ward, of Liberty Stake.

OLD KING COLE, of nursery book fame, came to her mind. She began upon that theme and had soon worked out her first character

and her first song. The song runs:

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul;
And a merry old soul was he;
It was a fine arrangement when
He called for entertainment,
But really he had nothing over me,
For I am Father Mutual.
I just try to teach you all
The way that I propose,
But goodness only knows
I'm having a difficult time;
I've a fine intuition, and a good disposition.
Just hear me hum; I've so very much to do
Watching o'er my lively crew,
But my patience is really sublime.
But like Old King Cole I must have my pleasure,
Here is my bowl, it's full beyond measure;
I'd like you to meet my family
So you'll know I have a right to be."

With this character, Father Mutual ready, Mrs. Stevens went on introducing each department of the Mutuals in a very pleasing manner, chiefly by means of songs with catchy tunes.

She gives much of the credit for the manner in which the musical sketch turned out to Joseph H. Williams, her stage director, whose experience with the Moroni Olson players and at Kingsbury Hall, University of Utah, enabled him

to stage the play in a most interesting manner. Her husband, also, assisted with one item in the play and that is the manner in which the participants get on to the stage. He had them come around the end of the bowl rather than over the top, a method which avoided confusion and made the entrance more graceful.

Mrs. Stevens is especially grateful to Mrs. Alta B. Cassity, her accompanist, who sacrificed a great deal of time to make the sketch "click" in every way.

The play is filled to the brim with surprises rising in climactic order to the point where the adults, consisting of course of Seniors and Adults, come on to the scene. One of the choicest bits is the M Men-Gleaner Girl number. That scene alone would make the playlet very much worth while, but the fact is that every scene is, in itself, a delightful bit.

FIFTY members of the Mutual Associations took part in the production. It won first place in Liberty Stake and finally was selected for production at the June Conference. Mrs. Stevens is especially grateful to the performers

who played the sketch twenty-one times, quite a record for a road show act.

"I have never seen such enthusiasm," Mrs. Stevens said in discussing the sketch. "Every member of the cast, and there were more than fifty of them, from the youngest Scout to the oldest Adult, was enthusiastic right up to and including the last performance. I was simply thrilled because I had succeeded in having every department take part and in having them like it."

Mrs. Stevens is already at work on a 1934 road show. She has a plot and is engaged composing the words and music. It is to be an entirely different theme, but in it she designs to use every department of the Mutuals.

"My family is at a stage now where I have a little time," the lady said, smiling. "I am delighted to be able to have this opportunity of 'developing the gifts within' me and in assisting others in doing the same for themselves."

Mrs. Stevens, a native of Ogden, was brought up in a musical atmosphere. Her sisters, as well as herself, were trained musicians and

she had the great opportunity of singing under the direction of Squire Coop, a dynamic musician who inspired the young, she says, to do creative things. She, herself, sings, plays and composes, making her own arrangements.

The cast of the Magic Bowl, which played twenty-one times, follows:

Joseph Catmull, Father Mutual; June Buckle, Harriet Leatham, Pages; Judith Wirthlin, Elaine Stevens, Edith Stevens, Betty Burton, Helen Clark, Marco Stohl, Reia Streadbeck, Cora Broadbent, Bee-Hive Girls; Grant Mann, Ray Peterson, Wayne Call, Reynold Watkins, Glen Walton, Ralph Loveridge, Hubert Nuttal, Scouts; Louisa Call, Esther Rockwood, Wanda Earl, Maurice Rockwood, Betty Jane Anderson, Doris Nuttal, Virginia Saunders, Junior Girls; Reed Broadbent, Robert Stevens, Donald Norton, Joseph Wirthlin, Arvel Streadbeck, Vanguards; Virginia Smith, Elaine Maxwell, Virginia Woolley, Nellie Spencer, Jane Sackett, Lenora Burritt, Evelyn Harding, Ellen Neff, Virginia Cederlof, Gleaners; John Lillywhite, George Russell, Newell Taylor, Auburn Shields, Dan Grundman, Ben Broadbent, Joseph Broadbent, Fay Bates, Clifford Seeley, Albert Mitchell, Rock Kirkham, M Men; Edith Mann, Joseph Norton, Joseph Anderson, Norma Anderson, Marian Romney, Ida Romney, Joseph Armstrong, Mertie Armstrong, Seniors and Adults; Mrs. Alta B. Cassity, Accompanist; Joseph H. Williams, Stage Manager.

A Clean, Cool Breath of Spring

By SAMUEL H. HANKS, Hollywood Stake

(This is the second of the sales talks which were called for last spring)

HAVE you ever in your travels, when the lure of strange lands has worn off, found yourself wandering along the wharves of some world port, hoping that you might find a ship with your country's flag? It has been months since you have seen that flag. You almost wonder if it still exists. And when, after an hour of searching among craft from many lands, you finally came upon one lone freighter with that grand old banner, tell me, didn't a lump swell up in your throat, and didn't a mist sort of unconsciously gather in your eyes? You felt that you had found something that you had an interest in, something that was part yours; something that typified your home, your family, all the experiences, the hopes and ideals of your childhood. That flag meant

so many things to you, it awoke such a pride in you, that you thrilled at the sight of it. And for a moment you were lifted away into another land.

I know only one other experience which equals that. It has come to me often. When I am out in the world with all its good things and great, and I suddenly come upon some achievement, a beautiful structure, or even a worthy report, of my own people, how proud I feel.

And so it is not without a certain amount of personal pride that I pick up each issue of *The Improvement Era*. My Church means a lot to me. And in its field *The Improvement Era* is an outstanding representative of the Church. Little wonder, then, that I watch it closely, that every new feature or interesting article is observed and

commented upon in my home and among my friends.

Frankly, I like *The Improvement Era*. I have placed it side by side with every magazine to be had at the news stands. And I still like it, way and above any other publication.

To begin with, it has a fresh look about it. I have never seen a cover as beautiful as that February number. And the March cover took me back to my vacation in Zion National Park last summer. You might know that I enjoyed that picture of the Virgin River with Mt. Majestic in the background.

I always go through a magazine from cover to cover at first just looking at the pictures and headlines. The *Era* is sort of an invitation to do this. After that first glancing through I have difficulty

deciding which article to commence with.

Fiction didn't bother me awhile back—I had just never got started in it. But one day I read an *Era* story and found it good. I have been reading them all ever since. I find them as a rule well written. "Palmetto" in the March number is a classic. In "Hearts Can Ache Too" you will read of "magnificent birches on guard to see that the warm hearted sun does not overdo its welcome." Gems of description like that are worth a week of reading.

There was also a time when I gave my old copies of *The Improvement Era* to my ward teacher. I told him that would be an incentive for him to call on me regularly. But she—who is usually the final word in things about our home—tells me this must not be done any more. For there will come a day, she says, when we will want to refer to some of those articles again. In looking through the last seven or eight issues it really surprised us what a treasure chest of material they have become.

Even those verses tucked in odd corners find there opportunities to brighten. At a little gathering of old timers last Thanksgiving Pres. Geo. W. McCune read a verse from the October number about "Old Friends." That was his toast. How eloquent it was. I envy those souls who can weave such lacy structures from mere words. I envy all those writers who contribute to the refreshing spirit that is so distinctive of *The Improvement Era*. Its spirit is like a clean cool breath of spring from the Rockies that melts away our restless fears and leaves us only clean sweet buds of good cheer and happiness and knowledge of life eternal.

The two dollars I spend annually for *The Improvement Era* is the best investment I make. I would not be playing fair with myself or my family if I were to bar this messenger from my home. There is a depression abroad in the land, but it is more a depression of men's minds than of pocket books. When people awake to the beauties of good books and good magazines I have little fear of their failing to have them in their homes, always.

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Corporation of the Church of Jesus Christ of
Latter-Day Saints, Salt Lake City, Utah

Act of February 20, 1905

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ERA

STATEMENT

To all whom it may concern:

Be it known that the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association Corporation of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, a corporation solely organized under the laws of the State of Utah, and located and doing business in Salt Lake City, in the county of Salt Lake, in said State, at 406 Church Office Building, in said city and State, has adopted for its use the trade-mark shown in the accompanying drawing, as the title of a MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY by said Corporation, in Class 38, Prints and publications.

The trade-mark has been continuously used in the business of said corporation since 1897.

The trade-mark is applied to the goods by being printed on the cover page thereof, or in any other appropriate manner

YOUNG MEN'S MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION CORPORATION OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

By GEO. ALBERT SMITH,
General Superintendent.

AFTER using the name, "The Improvement Era," continuously for thirty-six years, the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association has registered the name in the United States Patent Office, Washington, D. C. The trade-mark was taken in the name of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association rather than in the joint name of the two associations for the reason that it is a legal corporation under the law and the joint associations are not.

This trade-mark entitles the association to use the name thus registered and guarantees that no other

persons or corporations shall be permitted to use it. The registered trade-mark was applied for and taken to safeguard the title of the magazine which has become dear to the hearts of thousands of people.

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Extracts from Letters and Journals of Oscar Winters

Continued from
page 733

has been employed on the farm. We have been planting a little patch of corn in our field for Old Smoke, the Sioux Chief, in order to keep good friends with them. His squaws will tend it with our instructions and assistance.

July 10th.

Several buffalo came in sight of camp today and kicked up their heels at play, and notwithstanding we have had no meat for two days no one that understands camp rules even attempted so much as to go out and kill one.

P. S. I have been told that our letters will go no further than the Salt Lake Post Office without United States stamps. I have but one for this, so if you don't get letters every mail send to the city by someone that is going.

This is Sunday, the 12th. Our corral is finished except the gate. We held public meeting in the morning and

Seventies meeting this evening in the storehouse and enjoyed ourselves well. There were some Arapahoes camped near us. Some of them came to our meeting. We bought some buffalo meat of them.

I have not lost a day's work since I came here. I work all that my strength will allow. I do not wish to complain; I have not been sick, but I weighed 176 lbs. in the city and 154 yesterday, on account I think of warm weather, hard work, and poor appetite.

July 18th.

The mails, or rather Capt. Smoot, has arrived without any mail. They could not get it on account of the excitement of the times.

Note: The Y. X. means the Brigham Young Express.

Deer Creek is in Wyoming. It was an important station on the Oregon trail. It was one of the finest camping grounds be-

(Continued on page 764)

Book Reviews

Joseph Smith, An American Prophet

By JOHN HENRY EVANS

(The Macmillan Company, New York, 1933. Price \$4)

THAT Joseph Smith is a never failing subject of interest to biographers and historians is attested by the fact that within the past year at least three new books on the subject have appeared. The most recent one is "Joseph Smith: An American Prophet," by John Henry Evans. Mr. Evans will need no introduction to readers of the *Era*, since he has been prominently known as a writer on L. D. S. church history and kindred subjects for the past three decades. Mr. Evans was born and reared in the L. D. S. Church, and has always been an active worker in it. Published by the Macmillan Company, this book is likely to have circulation throughout a larger territory than the usual Mormon-view-point book. It is therefore of more than ordinary importance to Mr. Evans and to the Church.

The challenging first sentence of the book in which the author says he "has tried to give a scientific treatment of Joseph Smith," makes the reader conscious that the author—like John of the Fourth Gospel—is attempting a work which will "go" with the Gentile world. With such an objective one can be wholly in accord. Without doubt, Joseph Smith has never been fairly and authentically portrayed to the non-Mormon mind and any book which may contribute to deeper and wider appreciation of Joseph Smith should be applauded. Mr. Evans' book does that.

Before making a few critical comments about the book itself it might be well to say a word about biographical writing in general. The question was just raised concerning the adequacy of any biography of Joseph Smith to picture the real person that he was. Mormons refuse to accept any of the negative pictures of the Prophet drawn by so-called anti-Mormon, or non-Mormon writers. On the other hand, the non-Mormons cannot accept the picture of Joseph Smith as portrayed by the Mormon biographers. One might logically raise this question: "What sort of man was the real Joseph Smith?" Is he one hundred percent like the Mormon portrayal? Is he one hundred percent like the non-Mormon picture? Or is he a mixture of the two? Common sense would

suggest that the third possibility would be nearer the reality. But the immediately available sources, Mormon and non-Mormon, from which a biographer has to work, are inadequate to give the complete picture. New sources must be developed by more patient and painstaking students of the subject than anyone has yet shown himself to be.

There is another problem in biography besides that of source materials, which makes the "scientific" treatment difficult. (By "scientific" I presume Mr. Evans means objective, disinterested, and impartial.) That is the question of the biographer's prejudices. It is hard for anyone to rid himself of prejudice—for or against—when other human beings are concerned. A biographer cannot dissect the character of his subject, with the same indifference to results which characterizes the work, for example, of a zoologist in dissecting an insect or a toad. Thus the biographies of great men, either make them appear as supermen or incompetents.

So it has been with Joseph Smith. To the Mormon mind he is a Prophet of God, and as such, scarcely regarded as composed of ordinary human traits and characteristics. To the "Gentile" mind he was a scheming, clever—though ignorant—farm boy, who was able to cast a sort of spell over a group of simple folk and weld them into the nucleus of a church. The usual pattern of such a biographer also goes on to attribute the success of the Church to Joseph Smith's associates, notably Brigham Young. Because of these inherent difficulties, it is very doubtful whether the "scientific" biography of Joseph Smith will ever be written. But, of course, there will be more and more adequate treatises of the man as new sources of information are developed by students, and as we achieve greater objectivity towards him. This latter problem is particularly difficult. Even though this book by Mr. Evans is essentially a conventional Mormon view of the Prophet, one L. D. S. reviewer has already taken exception to parts of the biography as being "astonishing" to "orthodox Latter-day Saints." (M. E. Peterson, *Deseret News*.) It seems to be inevitable that we picture our great men as more than human, and not possessed of those traits we associate with "common clay." Just as we resent the discovery that George Washington drank liquor or played cards: so Latter-day Saints do not care for any facts concerning the "human" side of Joseph Smith. For example an

impartial view of the Prophet would probably rate him as egotistical, but the Latter-day Saint wants to think of him only as the instrument of Divinity in every act of his life. I doubt not there are many Latter-day Saints who consider Joseph Smith to be infallible, in spite of the Prophet's own protestations.

Those who are interested in the common sense interpretation of history, therefore, will appreciate this book by Mr. Evans, not because it goes the entire way towards objectivity, but because it goes even a little way. The facts about Joseph Smith need not be smothered for the sake of his reputation. Joseph himself protested against being regarded a demi-god by his followers. He was emphatically a human being, fighting the problems every human being has to fight. Like all of us he failed in some aspects of the battle and succeeded in others. But he doesn't need to be "built up," as the politician says. His life is there, and stands for what it was. Young people particularly can be brought to a new appreciation of the man and his work, by honest presentation of all facts—good, and bad if any—concerning him.

This "review" is not intended as a critical examination of the book, but more as a defense—partly of the book, but more particularly of the more objective point-of-view of Joseph Smith which the book suggests. That this point-of-view is suggested by Mr. Evans is a tribute to the degree to which he has achieved that objectivity. But I emphasize that it is only to a "degree." He strikes a certain pose of objectivity in one section and then in another section becomes a warm defender of his subject or the Church, and indulges in the search for reasons to justify them. (For example, see p. 266 ff. also p. 272.) I mention this not to condemn the author, but only to emphasize the difficulty the author has experienced in his efforts to be "scientific." The biographer inevitably portrays his subject according to the picture he has of the man in his own mind. Joseph is ever the hero to John Henry Evans, and because of that he rises to defend him against those who would attack him.

Another procedure not usually associated with scientific method, is the failure of the author to make citations to sources. True, there is an annotated bibliography of sources consulted, but numerous quotations are made in the book, for which specific sources are not given. Those who are familiar in

(Continued on page 743)



Summaries of Current Magazine Articles

Is College Worth While?

By ROBERT E. ROGERS
(Forum for September, 1933)

COLLEGE registration has stood up amazingly well during the last three years of hard times, which has convinced college authorities that college has come to be indispensable in our national life. They have not realized that many young folks are going to college because they have nothing else to do. The real test will come this fall, when family reserves are getting very low and but a little more money is in circulation.

There is a great American question in connection with all this; is it right and good that every American young person should regard a college education as his right? Twenty-five years ago a comparative few sought college degrees; now few do not; then a degree gave a young man or woman a decided advantage in the race in life; now there is still professional school beyond college for those who would excel. The idea today regarding a college education is almost identical with the idea of a high school education a quarter of a century ago. Law or engineering or medical schools are for those who would go into professions. For young folks of average ability and ordinary interests, an A. B. or B. S. will do little more than a high school diploma; if they have not the brains, patience, energy or money to go to a professional school, few practical results will obtain from an ordinary college education.

This is the problem the average parent of average income must face: is it going to be worth while to put your nose to the grindstone, make the sacrifice, scrimp and save money to send Johnny or Jennie to college just because all their friends are going? Has the child the brains? Not general intelligence, but brains which will differentiate him from the rest of the crowd. Has he done extra well in high school, or just slipped by spending all his enthusiasm on athletics and social affairs, trying to get by in studies with as little effort as possible? Has he any real intellectual curiosity, any real ability to use his mind? Boys who

like to tinker with radio sets are often regarded as being embryo engineers, whereas, as a matter of fact, they may be merely embryo tinkers, who would make excellent automobile repair men, but never engineers. Going to college will not make engineers of tinkers, nor business executives of chain-store managers—college does not teach you to make a living. It should teach you how to live; but the American people refuse to consider it as anything but an economic asset.

Let us look for a moment at the possibility of college teaching the good life, which should be sufficient without great riches. (Oh yeas, from American parent and child.) The average college boy and girl may, and often does, leave after four years still the unlicked cub who entered; and they might just as easily go trained in mind and body, in speech and manners, with a love of learning for its own sake and a mastery of one beloved subject. They might know swimming, fencing, golf, dancing; they might have found cultural opportunities in abundance; they might have developed the reading habit; have learned to write and speak their own tongue competently and to speak effectively upon their feet; but do they? Most of them leave without the slightest idea what it means to be an educated, cultivated gentleman or woman; and without any way of earning a living. Better for the parents to have spent the money to hire some able business man or craftsman to teach a trade; or a woman to teach a girl to be a wife, mother, homemaker, holding up before her the ideal quite opposite to that given her in many women's college, where she is discouraged from marriage and homemaking. But this will not be done—they must stay in college—it is an American tradition, and one by which most parents will make every effort to abide.

All right then, but let us start to emphasize the arts and crafts and aptitudes which make for a rich and creative use of leisure time. If the children of the future are going to work fewer days and shorter hours, as seems inevitable, teach them to use their leisure creatively. True, it will not prepare them for professional work, and we needn't pretend that it will, but the certificate, if they have one, will be

a sign of inward grace and spiritual contentment, not a season pass to the precincts of the money-changers in the temple of the goddess, Success.

Why not recruit our boys and girls for pledges to live in the home town, to make living there a useful, gracious, rich experience? To be a good farmer, or mechanic, or craftsman; to make the white collar a proud ceremonial of dress of occasion, not a badge of poorly paid daily servitude? To make the public library and book-store as much the real centers of life in town as the corner drug store and the picture show; to make the town as proud of its amateur orchestra and choral society as of its twilight league baseball team? To live more abundantly? Far better than to be one of the hundreds of so-called professional men in a big city, poorly paid lawyers and craftsmen and salesmen and bond peddlers—all college graduates at a dime a dozen!

I Hold Office

By HOLMES M. ALEXANDER
(*Harper's for September, 1933*)

WHEN I entered the State House as a legislator, at the age of 24, it was the first time I had ever set foot in it. After trooping with the others up to the House chamber, and finding my seat, marked with my name, I was impressed by the "Hon." prefix (though a subsequent realization of who the other honorables were lessened the intensity of my vanity). Though my seat was four removed from Slim's (Slim was the veteran of our county delegation—had been in the Legislature for twelve years) I was soon re-seated, next to him, that he might better coach me during the session. (I had been furious at his implication that I would need any coaching.)

I came to the State House with all the earnestness and credulity of a young man who has been told that there is an opportunity for him to do something to better politics; I left, a few months later, shorn of any loftiness save that of a tolerant and hilarious contempt for things political. My service to the State I have been forced to regard as a comic adventure, worth little to me or anyone else. My elevation to public office served as a great joke to my friends, also, and no won-

*Used by permission.

der. Before I had been in office a week, I realized that public ideas of a politician are that they are either crooks or nincompoops; and either idea was funny to my friends.

In the Legislative Assemblies, I met all kinds of people—from boobs and shysters and hypocrites and quacks to those who were honest and capable. But the honest and capable usually offended the voters by their very intelligence, and rarely were returned to office.

Coming into office, as I did, with a natural assumption of self-importance, I found it difficult to be regarded as a "yes" man, and told how to vote. At first the questions were so unimportant that I happened to vote the way Slim advised me; finally when a really vital matter came up, and I voted contrary to Slim's coaching, I was publicly humiliated, labelled a bolter, and estranged from the rest of my delegation; Slim said I had not only insulted him personally, but had jilted my party. He had already traded my vote on this for another, and I had failed him. Vainly I argued that my vote was mine—not Slim's nor the Party's—but he shook his head and informed me that I had been elected so I'd "go along" with the rest. And then, and later, I found out that no man's single vote or his burning conviction is enough to transform his ideas, however good, into legislation.

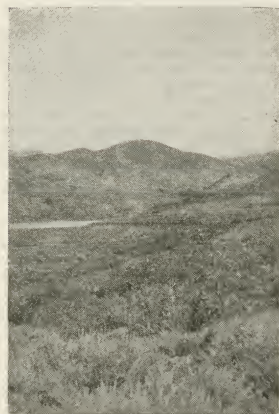
It would be foolish and grossly unfair to imply that there was not a lot of competent and necessary work done: there was; but all that mattered was done and run by an exclusive oligarchy of leaders and bosses, and only indirectly by the rank and file of delegates, who, thus ignored, soon became chiefly concerned with making their stay as pleasant as possible. And it was essential that they should take their Legislative duties lightly, or go mad. The high-handedness of political methods I shall never cease to wonder at—and how politicians get away with it. Bills were presented to us so buried in amendments and rushed through on suspended rules so that we had no idea what they really were about. Once I voted for what I thought was against Sunday movies, and it turned out, divested of its trick set of amendments, to be merely a set-up of a censorship board to be created eventually for the benefit of a few more job-holders! Once I saw a bill come up which failed by four votes; a delegate called for a revision of roll-call, and during the interim between the recount and the official announcement, he scurried about and managed to persuade three colleagues who had presumably just voiced the dictates of their consciences to see things differently and change their votes. Such maneuvers seemed to me at first outrageous and I would have no part in them, but before long I came to understand that politics even sincerely played, comes to be a game of

bargain and barter, where matters of right and wrong are not always distinguishable.

Soon after my arrival at the State House the lobbyists aroused my curiosity. I had expected them to be skulking banditti who hid behind pillars and whispered temptations into innocent ears, while really they were mostly more intelligent, industrious and certainly less shamefaced than were we legislators. Professional lobbying, I learned, is based on the assumption that every man has his price or his weakness; and I have never found reason to doubt it. No one ever offered me money or stirred me by palmistry, but I was, nevertheless, victimized by a lobbyist. Among the zealots in a certain cause was a charming, persistent young lady—an ex-debutante who was tired of social frivolity. She changed several of our minds—we were enchantingly hoodwinked into supporting her bill, after which she took herself out of our lives, until, perhaps, the next session.

At the end of the time, I rose to sing "Auld Lang Syne" with the mixed emotions of a schoolboy who has heard his last bell ring, and who, for all his hours of boredom and disgust, all his longings for the end, finds himself, when the end arrived, smitten with sentiment.

I was glad it was over—not sorry I had come. I despised some of the political methods I had seen without despising the game itself or even its practitioners. I had no illusions about my service to my State, or any desire to prolong or repeat it. But I have held office!



"Where their feet have trod."

Joseph Smith—An American Prophet

Continued from
page 741

general with the literature will know where the material is to be found; but the reader who is being introduced to the field of Mormon literature will no doubt regret the absence of specific citations to literature.

This reader gets the impression that the book was rather hastily written, particularly the latter part. Patient checking and revision certainly would have led the author to correct the spelling of Rappite (spelled Rippite in the text); and Tryon (Tryton).

Mr. Evans, I repeat, has given us essentially a conventional Mormon view of the Prophet Joseph Smith. He has made a step in the direction of a common sense interpretation of his life and work. Those who are so unorthodox as to think that the Prophet was infallible, will be disturbed by any biographical treatment which shows him to be human and therefore fallible. Let us hope that there are few if any of these. Those who would like an exhaustive and impartial analysis of the Prophet, including a treatment of his social backgrounds, will be disappointed in this book. It is true that in discussing the originality of the Word of Wisdom the author cites evidence that there were people before the time of the Prophet who were advancing doctrines similar to those advanced in the Word of Wisdom. There is no doubt about the facts on this point; anyone who wishes to do so may verify them for himself—but Mr. Evans very cautiously says, "there may be some truth in the statement." Such an attitude, I say, will be disappointing to some.

Nevertheless, all Latter-day Saints should be grateful to Mr. Evans for this book. As stated earlier, it will doubtless be read by a wider public of non-Mormons than the usual book on the Mormon theme, and will unquestionably result in a deeper appreciation of the work of Joseph Smith.

It is to be hoped that people will read the book from the standpoint of Mr. Evans—namely that of attempting to find and interpret the facts about Joseph Smith—and not from the point of view of one who already considers himself in possession of all the facts, and that anything which goes counter to those "facts" is to be disregarded and condemned. It is well to remember in this connection that much of what one has always been told isn't true. Time does not necessarily make statements true, although it seems to do just that. The reader of this book will undoubtedly be inspired to read much more about the life of Joseph Smith from other sources, and thus to gain a still wider knowledge of this engrossing subject.

—Dr. Lowry Nelson.

Church Music

The Use of L. D. S. Hymns

IT is gratifying to report that there is an increase in the use of the new hymn collection throughout the entire Church. As the members of this Committee visit the wards it is noted that the new book is in quite general use, especially among the choirs. It would be a fine thing if hymn books could be gradually added to the property of the wards and distributed among the congregations. Anyone who has observed the difference in participation of a congregation with books in their hands and one that has no access to books will not need to be converted to the fact that singing in the latter case is way ahead of the former, because people do not KNOW very many songs sufficiently to sing them without a copy, whereas, most of our people

know a large number of songs well enough to join heartily in their rendition if they have the words before them. And besides, if the congregation is asked to sing it should be made easy for them to sing the songs with full meaning if the act of singing is to be effectual.

As long as we employ congregational singing as an act of our worship surely it ought to be done in a way that is worshipful. There is something particularly beautiful even in the thought of congregational singing. Compare it, for instance, with prayer. An individual offering a prayer in a service gives expression to his own thoughts FOR us all; or liken it to a sermon: one person is speaking TO

us, or to others FOR us. But in a congregational song, under ideal conditions, every one present may EXPRESS his own prayer, or may speak TO his neighbor, or may thrill by giving utterance to his own reaction to the content of the words he is singing. In order that the singing may profit the individual and be a service unto God it must be done with understanding. Take the new hymn book and open it to the index of content; what a wealth of expression you would find, and on how many subjects. It would seem that the quickest and surest means of uniting the hearts and lips in any subject in a meeting would be to make it possible for ALL the people to join in a gospel song.

Song Practice in the Congregation

THE Church Music Committee has recommended for a long time occasional practices of hymns by the congregations. It has been suggested that this practice take place at such time as the bishop consents to, either before or after the meeting. In some instances much improvement is being made in the singing of the congregation by this means. Some choristers are backward in attempting such song practices because they do not know exactly how to go about it. Of course, if it be done in a desultory, perfunctory manner it may result in the opposite to what was intended by its attempt. Our people are as a rule serious in their meetings and they resent child-play among grown-ups, and a chorister faces quite a task who sets about conducting a practice among adults.

But a love of singing is common to most normal persons, and our people in particular are reared in group singing. The thoughtful observer will notice that our congregations are outstanding in their participation in singing when done by the group. They have a fair acquaintance with many songs, and it will be noted that they sing best and most heartily the songs they know best. The observer will also have seen that the best congregational singing is done in those wards that have always enjoyed profitable singing in the song practice in the Sunday School. Wards can be cited in which a wide awake Sunday School chorister has influenced powerfully the singing of the whole people during the

period of a few years by his song practice in Sunday school. Any other organization might afford the same growth if it has provided in its program for a specific and regular time for singing practice. The Sunday School has done it for many years. It is not too much to affirm that the congregational singing of the whole Church would show a large retrogression were the song practice, as a regular part of the procedure of Sunday School, to be discontinued for a generation.

It was the contention that the people sing best that which they know, and know best that which they have been taught, and that they learn more rapidly and thoroughly if they have opportunity for definite training, that prompted the Church Music Committee to suggest an occasional practice in singing by the congregation. It was felt that our singing as intelligent worship

would be greatly improved in this way.

The manner of going about such a practice is vital to its success. It takes two things to make a song—words and music; no song can exist without both. The chorister's job, then, is so to handle the practice that the people get hold of the two elements of the song. How shall it best be done? Each one will of necessity have to work out his own way according to his own ability and the kind of people he has to deal with. The people of different wards vary in ability and experience; in the language of "Mikado," "the punishment will have to fit the crime" in the manner in which the work is taken up. Certain it is, however, that melody is the first thing that appeals to all singers. It would be well to begin with a song that is familiar, and one that has such a melody as will permit of a second part being sung naturally and easily. A tune of this character is "Do what is right;" another "School thy feelings." It will be found that the two elements of primary melody and an obligatory second part will create much more interest than will be stirred up by a mere singing of a song. When the congregation has experienced the pleasure of two songs sung in the manner suggested it will not be difficult to find additional ways of interesting them. The ingenuity of the chorister will devise various avenues of approach that will be new all the time. Above all, a song practice must be made pleasurable, and a chorister will need to be well prepared in order that he may take advantage of any emergency.

Gay Tints for Laughter

By Helen Gardner

SHE was not good
The way he counted goodness
Attending meetings, being prim,
But she brought laughter
And so we loved her.
Though he was good
We were afraid of him.
Such somber thoughts were his,
He must have dyed his soul in deepest
black.
But surely laughter stirs
A paint of gold and red and blue
For souls like hers.

Melchizedek Priesthood

A Historical Record of Members

THE High Priest's Quorum of the Idaho Falls Stake has had printed a blank on which to keep the historical record of each of its members. This record includes date and place of birth and in addition many other items con-

cerning the member such as date of marriage, state of health, financial condition relative to the ownership or non-ownership of the home, etc. The blank which is comprehensive is expected to assist the personal welfare

committee in their work among the members.

The opposite side of the sheet is lined for a brief personal history of the person whose name appears on the sheet.

Elders' Quorum of Raymond, Alberta, Cooperate

THE Elders' Quorums of Raymond carried out a very worthy activity during the Spring of this year.

For some time the road leading to our Stake House presented a problem to motorists during stormy weather. At the suggestion of the Stake Presidency the two Elders' Quorums of this

town took the lead in improving this condition.

At the call of the Quorum Presidents the members responded in goodly numbers with teams, trucks, and shovels. It was decided to surface the road with a heavy coat of cinders from the local sugar factory. After two or three days'

work, two hundred and twenty-six loads of cinders had been hauled and a very fine piece of road for about 250 yards had been built, including a surfaced parking area.

This work brought into active service many elders, who before had been inactive.

Honesty

WARD TEACHERS' MESSAGE FOR NOVEMBER

Prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric by Oscar W. McConkie

AN honest man is fair, just, true, upright, trustworthy, free from fraud; is creditable, equitable, respectable, unimpeached, open, sincere, frank, chaste, and virtuous, to both himself and to others. He will not deal falsely, nor defraud his "neighbor, neither rob him," nor do any "unrighteousness in judgment, in meyard, in weight, or in measure." He has "one manner of law, as well for the stranger, as for one of your own country," nor does he "lie one to another," nor "oppress one another," nor steal.

In a letter dated July 29, 1795, Washington wrote, "There is but one straight course, and that is to seek truth and pursue it steadily." That is the "angel of progress." The time to do it is now. He who neglects is not true to life's noblest impulses, and therefore is not wholly honest. To procrastinate is to waste life, which is measured by an undefinable and but slightly comprehended something called time, yet time is the thing which makes eternity, and gives to man opportunity for exaltation through conquest. To waste it is to thwart the divine plan and thus to defeat the purpose of life, thereby wasting life, which cheats both the man and society. It, therefore, is not an honest course. It was Professor Huxley who said, "Perhaps the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not; it is the first lesson which ought to be learned, and, however

early a man's training begins, it is probably the last lesson which he learns thoroughly."

The statement, "All men have their

To The Seventies

By Laurence A. Jones

HEADS up, ye Seventies, and see
The golden angel on the towering spire;
A valorous sentinel o'er the Temple of God.

A witness with a message of fire.
He sounds the last trump and aspires
To the warning of kings and presumptuous power:
"Repent ye, repent ye, for the millennial hour!"

Heads up, ye Seventy, and be
A messenger of truth to all peoples;
In the power of thy priesthood and valor arise,
Break fetters of fear; make faith thy steeples!

To the seraph's flaming tongue thine is sequel.
Go seal up the law 'ere the judgments descend:
"Prepare ye, prepare ye, for the time of the end!"

Heads up, ye Seventy, and sing
Of thy symbol on the towering spire;
You're a chivalrous envoy of the gospel of Christ.

A witness with a message of fire.
Go sound the last trump and aspire
To the warning of kings: "All tyranny trod,
Make straight the paths of the living God!"

price," is a plain fabrication. When ever declared it must shock those who are not so "learned as to have lost their common sense." There are many whose honor can not be made the subject of barter, and who can neither be bought nor sold. Many are intellectually honest, yearning to know truth, and morally honest, desiring to live right. To know the truth and not live it is dishonest. But in the search for truth no price is too high. Truth is a bargain at any price.

There are many grades of dishonesty, among which is misrepresentation. Lying made its debut in the Garden of Eden and is resorted to create a false impression. Temptation to do so tests loyalty. It determines whether one is more loyal to an expected financial profit, of which he hopes to rob his neighbor, or to his own honor. One is generally loyal to that which he desires most, so the test is approximately accurate. But time always adjusts on the basis of a just compensation. It may take long but it must be. It is a law of the earth.

Certain dishonesty is the fruit of a wicked heart, as one who, because of superior knowledge, or because of a position of trust or authority, which, within itself, goes far to disarm suspicion, plans to unmake or tear down others to build himself up. Whether by force or persuasion, by false declarations or otherwise, the aim is to deprive helpless or unsuspecting persons of their property, or to injure them more seriously. Facts are concealed

or contorted at the pleasure of the manipulator. Not infrequently in such action he, who has become a trap to the unwary, finds opportunity for display of virtue. He holds out bread in one hand while in the other he holds a stone. It is a wanton, heinous type of dishonesty. Surely the hand of justice will rest heavily upon such.

Success can not be measured by wealth or by what one accomplishes, but more properly by the course and courage one maintains, and by the opposition overcome, as well as by the desire of the heart. The Master committed His ministry with but little concern for money; and when accosted by a beggar His chief apostle was without

silver or gold. To get material wealth honestly and to use it wisely is good, but those who have it not, yet who have lived honestly have noble character and time for capital, while time is the inheritance of all, regardless of material wealth or character. With it, by honest conquest, all may become ultimately and everlastingly rich.

Weekly Thoughts on Tithing

By DR. FRANKLIN MADSEN

Week of Oct. 1:

43. "Tithe paying is a source of encouragement in that it makes possible a feeling in each individual of a financial equality before God."—Dr. George H. Brimhall.

Week of Oct. 8:

44. Tithe paying is a system of

developing generosity unsullied by vanity.

Week of Oct. 15:

45. Tithe paying develops other constructive ideas and activities of fidelity which in turn give strength to character.

Week of Oct. 22:

46. The paying of tithing is a pro-

gressive activity demanding a living, dynamic and increasing faith.

Week of Oct. 29:

47. Tithe paying by members of a family helps them to band further together in the bond of love, sympathy, and devotion in that all are contributing to the welfare of one another.

Bishops May Be Interested in This Communication

Dear Editor:

HAVING always been interested in the *Era* as an official publication of the church, I should like to recommend an article to you to be published in the magazine, or at least that someone make a special appeal to the Priesthood to do something about a condition which I believe is spreading in many parts of the Church.

I am a young man, recently returned from a mission in Europe. I belonged to, and am an alumnus of the Delta Phi fraternity of the U. of U. Here in this mission I am chairman of the M. I. A. Board. Thus I believe I can speak the mind of most of the young

people of the Church as I have heard them express themselves on the subject I am writing about.

There seems to be a feeling among the older brethren that we young folks would not attend church unless they spoke to us on scientific, worldly subjects. So, in most meetings, we seldom hear a good gospel sermon. I believe I am safe in saying that most of us would like to go to church to hear church doctrine. We get all the other things we can digest in our school life and in our every-day contacts.

We younger men and women wish our seniors would not be afraid to teach us gospel principles. We cherish

our religion and need to know more about it. When we go to church on Sunday, it is to learn Mormonism. We can go to Mutual for practical issues, but it seems to us that Sunday should be used in preaching the gospel. It is as beautiful and extensive a science as any taught in any university.

I write this to you because I believe the *Era* will reach more men than any other church publication. If someone would write a good article on the subject, or if an appeal is made through proper channels, I believe great good would result.

Respectfully yours,

J. E.

One Person's Adequate Food Supply for One Month

By U. S. A. C. Extension Division

Cod Liver Oil.....	12 oz. (for child)
Milk	30 qts.
Butter	2 lbs.
Vegetables:	
Greens	1 qt.
Spinach	1 pt.
Beet greens	1 pt.
Other canned vegetables	2 qts.
Peas	1 pt.
String beans	1 qt.
Asparagus	1 pt.
Dried corn	½ pt.
Stored	24 lbs.
Cabbage	2½ lbs.
Potatoes	12½ lbs.
Carrots	5 lbs.
Beets	2 lbs.
Onions	2 lbs.
Tomatoes	3 qts.
Fruits:	
Berries	2 qts.
Raspberries	1 qt.
Strawberries	1 pt.

Gooseberries or	
dewberries	1 pt.
Large Fruits	3 qts.
Peaches	1 qt.
Apricots	1 pt.
Pears	1 qt.
Plums	1 pt.
Other fruits	3 qts.
Cherries	1 qt.
Rhubarb	1 pt.
Fruit juice	1 pt.
Apples (stored)	6 lbs.
Flour	8 lbs.
Whole wheat	4 lbs.
White	4 lbs.
Cereals	2 lbs.
Rolled Oats	1 lb.
Whole wheat	½ lb.
Roman meal	½ lb.
Proteins:	
Meat (dried or cured)	1½ lbs.
Meat (canned)	2½ pts.
Beef	1 pt.
Chicken	1 pt.

Salmon	½ pt.
Meat (fresh)	1 lb.
Beans, dried	½ lb.
Cheese	1½ lb.
American	1 lb.
Cottage	½ lb.
Eggs:	
For children	30
For adults	30-60
Fats	1½ lbs.
Lard	½ lb.
Bacon	1 lb.
Sweets	3 lbs.
Sugar	2 lbs.
Molasses	½ lb.
Honey	½ lb.
Water	12-16 gallons

Those who would like to prepare for the winter now while foodstuffs, especially that obtained from the garden and farm are available, may be interested in this outline. This not only gives the amounts necessary, but a carefully balanced ration as well.

Aaronic Priesthood

Suggestions to Aaronic Priesthood Supervisors

Aaronic Priesthood— Primary Cooperation

ANOTHER special campaign to bring about effective cooperation between the Aaronic Priesthood Supervisors and Primary Leaders in all the wards of the Church is being conducted by the Presiding Bishopric for the purpose of increasing Aaronic Priesthood activity.

Under the plans already announced, the Primary Associations are conducting special courses in their Guide Classes for boys between 11 and 12 years of age designed to prepare them for ordination to the Aaronic Priesthood and for membership in Scouting.

Under this plan Aaronic Priesthood Supervisors, assigned to Deacons, are urged to contact all boys, as they become 11 years of age, in their homes and preferably in the presence of their parents. The purpose of the visit is to explain to the boys the purpose of the Aaronic Priesthood, its place in the Church, something of its history and its importance in the life of every Latter-day Saint boy. The boys should be urged to continue in the Primary Association until they have graduated and are ready to be ordained Deacons.

In the Primary Association the leaders conduct a regular course approved by the Presiding Bishopric. This course includes the history of the Aaronic Priesthood, its place in the Church today, Church organization, the Word of Wisdom, Articles of Faith, the Ten Commandments, ordinances of the Priesthood and other fundamentals. The records show that the percentage of boys who continue in Primary until they are graduated to the Aaronic Priesthood is not nearly as large as it should be. In order that every boy should have the benefit of the training provided in the Primary Association, there should be the closest cooperation between Aaronic Priesthood supervisors and Primary officers for the purpose of checking carefully on every boy and visiting him with encouragement to complete the Primary course.

The responsibility of training young men for ordination to the Priesthood still remains with the Aaronic Priesthood supervisor. He should make every effort to have the boys of his ward active in Primary work. Where boys are not taking the course in Primary, it is the duty of the supervisor to properly prepare these young men for ordination to the Priesthood. As a matter of orderly procedure, graduations from the Primary to the Aaronic Priesthood and to scouting are recommended to be made March 1st, June 1st, September 1st and December 1st of each year. Supervisors and Primary guide leaders should anticipate these graduation dates in order that proper preparation might be made. The graduation exercises should be held in the Sacrament meeting with the supervisor and the Primary officer presenting the boys, who have become 12 in the preceding three months, and who have been properly prepared for ordination to the Priesthood, to the bishop who then presents them to the congregation for approval. The ordination may then be made in the Sacrament meeting or in the quorum meeting where the boys should be presented to their quorums and accepted by them. It is believed that this plan will greatly increase the number of 12-year-old boys ordained to the Priesthood and what is more important, impress upon them the sacredness and importance to them of this privilege.

Ordination in the Aaronic Priesthood

IN response to numerous requests suggestions made in bulletin Number 177, pertaining to ordinations in the Aaronic Priesthood are printed herewith:

"In order to be assured of the worthiness of those who are to be ordained in the Aaronic Priesthood and to promote appreciation of the dignity and importance of these callings, it is appropriate that in the presentation of their names for the approval of the

members in any ward there should be a little formality attached thereto.

"Therefore, it is desired that everyone whose name is to be presented to the ward members in fast or sacrament meeting should be on the stand at the time. In the case of those to be ordained deacons it is suggested that the Chairman or other member of the Ward Aaronic Supervisors should be invited on the stand, as also the President or other officer of the Primary. At the bishop's request they should, in turn, state what preparation the boys have had and what evidence they have shown of worthiness for the ordination to the priesthood.

For instance, the chairman of the Aaronic Priesthood Supervisors could very well be called upon to make a statement such as the following:

"Bishop _____, brethren and sisters: The Aaronic Priesthood Supervisors have had (Wayne Brown, John Thomas, etc.) in preparation for this ordination for the past (seven) months and have been in contact with their parents. We are able to state that these boys are all living clean lives. They are keeping the Word of Wisdom. They do not use profanity. They attend to their prayers and are otherwise worthy to be ordained deacons. They are willing to perform the service attached thereto. I am glad to recommend them to you for your favorable consideration." (If any boy is not proven worthy of such recommendation he should not be ordained until he is worthy.)

"The bishop should then arise and call each boy by name to stand. He should then present each by name for the separate vote of the congregation.

"This same procedure should be followed in the case of teachers and priests, except that in such cases the Primary officers would not be called upon to make recommendations. In very small wards where there may be no supervisors, a member of the bishopric who has had charge of the preparation of the boys or young men, should make the recommendation."

The Presiding Bishopric.

How to Use the Lesson Text and Book of Remembrance Lesson

THE Book of Remembrance was suggested by the Genealogical Society and was outlined by them. We were happy to incorporate this work in our lessons for the Aaronic Priesthood. There should be one lesson a month. We have some remarkable results from the study of these lessons.

It is reported that boys who were not much interested in Aaronic Priesthood work have become very much interested in the Book of Remembrance. They have carried their enthusiasm into their homes and their parents have been converted to temple work.

The twelve lessons pertaining to

genealogical and temple activities appearing in each of the lesson books for quorums of the Lesser Priesthood each year should be taken up by the teacher of a class as are all other lessons of the course, except that a careful, stimulating assignment should be made of the activity listed at the end of these les-

sons. Awards for Book of Remembrance achievements should be impressively made by Class Supervisors to individuals who have earned

them, preferably in a public meeting.

The entire series of such lessons and activities is under the supervision of the Lesser Priesthood. Genealogical

workers and committees, however, stand ready to assist with all their power and experience, whenever they are invited to do so.

The Aaronic Priesthood Supervision Plan

THE reason for its designation as the Lesser Priesthood is given in Section 107:14-15, Doctrine and Covenants. After the Children of Israel had left Egypt the duties and callings of the Aaronic Priesthood are clearly set forth in Sections 20 and 84 of the Doctrine and Covenants. In the ordination of boys to the Aaronic Priesthood it is desired that boys should be ordained as near their twelfth birthday as possible and function as Deacons for three years, namely, while they are twelve, thirteen and fourteen years old. Teachers are to function for two years, namely, during the ages of fifteen and sixteen; and Priests for three years during the ages of seventeen, eighteen and nineteen. They should then be worthy to be ordained to the Melchizedek Priesthood at twenty years of age. Inasmuch as many of the missionaries are called when they are about twenty, it will give the young men the opportunity of functioning in all the callings of the Aaronic Priesthood and also having the opportunity of working for a short time in the Melchizedek Priesthood before they are called on missions.

The bishopric of the ward have the responsibility of presidency over the entire Aaronic Priesthood, and have the authority and responsibility for the direction of the same. At the same time, the bishop is specifically named by revelation as the President of the Priests' quorum. It is expected also that each member of the bishopric will have general charge of one division of the Aaronic Priesthood. The general practice is that the bishop presides over the priests and meets with them regularly, the first counselor with the teachers and the second counselor with the deacons. Their direction, however, does not interfere with the presidency of the quorum in the case of the teachers and the deacons but they sit in an advisory capacity with them. This does not interfere either with the duties of the supervisors who work under the direction of the bishopric. Where the bishop presides in person and attends the meetings of the priest's quorum or class regularly, the young men gain the advantage of the association with the bishop and of obtaining the benefit of his advice and counsel, not only in their priesthood

duties but in their habits and their lives.

Specifically, in the functioning of the quorum meetings, a member of the bishopric should be present at the quorum meeting and have general direction of its activities. The presidency of the quorum preside and conduct the meeting with the help and advice of the member of the bishopric. The supervisor is expected to present the class lessons. He also plans with the presidency of the quorum to check up on attendance, the making of assignments, the following up of assignments and all the other activities of the quorum. The Secretary is expected to keep an accurate record of the quorum meetings and the activities of all members. This record is of the utmost importance. The supervisor should keep a check on the record as a means of keeping in touch with individual activities of the quorum members. With such a system in proper operation, the Aaronic Priesthood becomes a great training school to prepare the young men of the Church for the greater responsibilities of the higher priesthood and for future service in the Church.

Duties of Supervisors

AMONG the various duties of the supervisors of the classes or quorums of the Aaronic Priesthood are to take charge of the lesson work; be prepared on the lesson and to bring out from all members of the class their understanding of the lesson itself and the purpose of the lesson; to follow up the attendance of members; to see that the weekly assignments of duties are made and that the assignments are properly performed; to prepare the young men for ordination and advancement in the priesthood; to supervise the social and fraternal activities and to consider the general welfare of the quorums. The regular lesson courses outlined should be followed in all the quorums and classes of the Aaronic Priesthood. Every member should have a copy of the lesson book and use it. Naturally the supervisor should be thoroughly prepared on the lesson in order to be able to present it properly and to draw out from the members their views upon the lesson itself. The class exercises are divided into two periods—activity and lesson work. Both are of very great importance. Neither should be minimized.

Once a month a lesson is given on genealogy and in connection therewith all members of the quorum should be encouraged to obtain a book of remembrance and to carry it forward. The purpose is to develop in the hearts of the young men a desire to look after

their ancestors. The filling of this book makes a very interesting experience in the life of the young man.

Every boy who is approaching the age of twelve should, for several months at least, or preferably for a year previous thereto, be given special consideration and training in preparation for this important responsibility. It has already been urged that boys should be prepared in ample time so that, if they are worthy, they may be ordained at or as near as possible, their twelfth birthday. However, in connection with the Primary Association, it has been agreed that the Primary Association shall have classes for the boys in which the

boys will be graded according to their ages approaching twelve years and from which they can be graduated every three months so that every boy, who is a member of the Primary Association, if prepared, can be ordained within three months of his twelfth birthday. The details of this Primary cooperation plan have been submitted to the ward bishoprics and it is suggested that the proper encouragement be given the Primary Association in all of the wards of the Church in helping to prepare these young men for this priesthood. The same plan of preparation should be followed in the case of Deacons who are approaching the age at which they should be ordained Teachers. Supervisors should give special attention to the preparation of these boys to enter the higher calling, in addition to the regular training they receive in the quorums and so with the advancement from Teacher to Priest. In the matter of assignments of duty it is very desirable that every member of the quorum should have some assignment to perform every week that is a part of his duties in the priesthood calling. There are so many things that these boys can properly do in each of the callings of Deacons, Teachers, and Priests that there is ample opportunity for every member to function regularly. Therefore they develop the spirit of the priesthood. In no other way can they obtain it.



Monument in Echo Canyon where the Mormon Trail Leaves the Highway



MUTUAL MESSAGES



Executive Department

Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,

Executive Secretary:
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.
50 NORTH MAIN STREET

General Offices Y. L. M. I. A.
33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency Y. L. M. I. A.

RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,

General Secretary:
ELSIE HOGAN

Road Show Acts

Oh where oh where has my Road Show Act gone,

Oh where, oh where can it be?" might well be the song sung by the number of authors and composers who sent acts in to be entered in the First Annual Road Show Act Contest of the M. I. A. announced last spring. The last lines of the song will give an idea of the answer:

"They have gone to be judged, so have patience awhile
And you'll hear of your act presently."

In the very near future announcement will be made through columns of *The Improvement Era* and by mail to those who win of the results of the contest. Many excellent Road Show acts were submitted, and the judging of them has been no light task. It is to be hoped that the decision of the judges will be so satisfactory that it will compensate for the long wait in making the decisions known! And if that should be the case, it would be the first contest in history to have such an outcome!

Oquirrh Stake Idea Shared With Others

THE plan which Oquirrh Stake inaugurated last year for the selection of the Queen of the Gold and Green Ball worked so well that they are repeating it this year, and explain it herewith in order to give other Stakes the benefit of their experience:

Instead of choosing a Queen on a popularity basis, they made her coronation a symbol of Ward accomplishment. Percentages were worked out, and credit given Wards during the year for: enrollment; % attending M. I. A. regularly; % of Ward Officers and Teachers at Union meetings; % of quota reached in *Era* drive; % of Fund paid. Record was kept during the season up to the time of the Ball, and the ward reaching the highest point was the Ward to furnish the Queen. Other wards furnished attendants—both M Men and Gleaners, in order of their ac-

complishment record. Thus everyone in the Ward felt the honor of having their candidate as Queen, and bent their efforts toward putting her in.

This same Stake keeps an interesting and valuable record of participation in activities, with a sheet lined and headed to enter names of participants, activity, such as: Speech, Story, Dance, Drama, Music, and a space in which to mark them each time they participate. In this manner they can obtain accurate information as to just who has been active and in what lines.

Kolob Stake Mothers and Daughters

AT the annual Mother's and Daughter's Outing of the Kolob Stake, Mrs. Charlotte Bartholomew of the Springville Second Ward, received the distinction of having more daughters present of M. I. A. age, than any other mother of the Stake.

As a part of the program the Second Ward offered an original presentation in which each class of the Y. L. M. I. A. was represented by a member of the Bartholomew family. The class symbols and *Improvement Era* were featured.



The Bartholomew Family, Springville, Utah. An M. I. A. mother and five daughters—14 to 23.

Sister Bartholomew and her five daughters have had an exceptional record for attendance at Mutual, and participation in activities.

Excerpt from a Toast to our Daughters

By Wealtha Porter Heiner

Given at Mother's and Daughter's Outing, Morgan Stake

YOU'VE been given a birthright no money can buy.
With allegiance to God and His glory on high.
You've been born under covenant, everlasting and true
Not many thus favored as I am—and you.

You daughters of Zion, so favored and blest,
Led here by our forefathers to land of the west.
May each one prove faithful to God and His laws,
Stand firm in the gospel and Zion's great cause.

May God's guiding hand, and the love of His might
Guard you and shield you when doing the right.
We love you, we trust you, we know you'll prove true
O beautiful girlhood—and motherhood too.

Mantua M. I. A. Chorus Succeeds

THE members of the Mantua M. I. A. Male Chorus have enjoyed unusual success in their activities this season. The motivation afforded by the seventeen public appearances made by the group in the last two months has helped to develop in the boys an unbelievable interest in singing. Of the 38 members in the chorus only five had had experience in organized singing prior to the organization of the club a year ago. Elmer Jeppsen was the director and Barbara Rasmussen, accompanist.

Joint Program for November

1. Song—"Shall the Youth of Zion Falter"—to be sung by the ward choir or the Mutual Chorus.
2. Prayer.
3. Song—"What Shall the Harvest Be?"—solo with chorus.
4. Slogan—"Inspired by the refining influences of Mormonism we will develop the gifts within us."
5. Reading—Selected.
6. Instrumental Solo.
7. Speech—Some mature man or woman who will prepare well for the occasion.

Subject, in Utah and other states where the vote on the 18th Amendment has not already taken place, "Why I Shall Vote For Repeal."

1. Quote slogan of 1916-17: "We stand for State and Nationwide Prohibition." We have not changed our stand.

2. The Word of Wisdom advises against use of liquor and all authorities agree that it has no beneficial effects when taken into the body.

3. I uphold the prohibition amendment because many people cannot withstand the temptation of liquor freely distributed.

4. Many authorities declare that the licensing of its sale will not materially aid in our recovery from the depression. I agree with them.

5. The taxing of liquor will not solve our taxation problems, experts declare. I agree with them also.

6. The licensing of liquor will withdraw from other business much support and will bring about business stagnation in many fields.

7. The 18th Amendment was ratified by a large majority of people. My feeling is that it was succeeding and can succeed.

These are mere statements intended to aid in directing the research of inexperienced speakers. Enthusiastic "dry" speakers will have available plenty of material. Those who would like additional information may write The Defenders, care M. I. A., 50 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

In those states where the voting on repeal has already been concluded some other topic for the evening might be taken such as "The Blessings of Peace?" in which could be recounted the blessings which followed the Armistice; or "There's Still Much to be Thankful For." The speaker could recount the blessings which have come with the depression in the way of calling our attention to the follies of our old way of living.

8. Singing.

9. Benediction.

Adults

Calendar

October 3 — Opening Department Social.

October 10—What is Religion.

October 17—Religion and Theology.

October 24—Religion and Life.

October 31—The Perfect Man.

November 7—Review Book "Life Begins at Forty."

November 14—Religion and God.

November 21—What Does it Matter, Your God or Mine."

November 28—Is God Omnipotent.

FROM the November calendar above the leader will see that the first Tuesday in November should be devoted to reviewing the reading course book "Life Begins at Forty." We hope that the following brief outline of a review will encourage you to read this interesting challenge to adults and also assist you in preparing a fuller book review which will provide a very interesting program for your first Tuesday in November.

"Life Begins at Forty," by Walter B. Pitkin, Prof. of Journalism, Columbia University.

"A man who made his own past forties more vigorous—more enjoyable—more profitable in all senses of the word, than the years which preceded his fortieth year."

The New York Times says, "This book is keenly stimulating, challenging accepted systems, and constantly opening to the reader new fields of possible interest. It should be invaluable to the victim of the New Unemployment, obliged to seek within himself resources for the development of a new system."

"The little book was written by request. Many people who had attended his lectures requested that the material be brought together.

"The title itself has a physiological

effect on those over forty; starts them out anew and assures them that the race is not over.

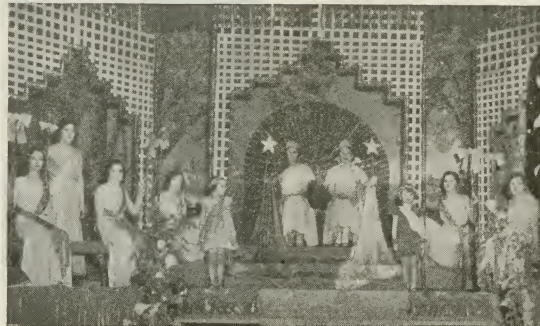
The book is divided into eleven chapters and each chapter has an interesting title.

"We enter envying" is the title of the first chapter. He begins by saying that you who are entering forty may not know it, but you are the luckiest generation ever. The whole world has been remodeled for your greater glory. Year by year the line between youth and age thins and fades. The Patriarchal family has vanished. Parents and children are simply human beings," he says and that a woman at fifty, given the best milking machines and electricity in her home, can handle ten times as many dairy cows and cans as the milk maid on her dairy stool. Thanks to super-power and machinery house work is becoming a joke and instead of spending all of our time making a living—we are living."

In chapter two entitled "Youth in the Red," he says that from youth to seventeen we are busy growing up—a period of pleasant confusion and tingling mysteries. From seventeen to twenty-two we learn the social life in business as well as pleasure and most of us marry and settle down at the close of this period. Then we start to make a living—the toil of raising children—the hard pull of building a home, pushing up the worn rungs of the success ladder—as the world wages these enterprises consume the best energies until forty, at least, then or never we begin to live our own lives."

In the third chapter "Fools Die Young," he assures us that life does not begin at forty for the fool. It ends then or sooner, simply because the fool is a fool."

The brain of the real man is a mighty system of delicate governors, amplifiers, transformers, switches, re-



Gold and Green Ball, Gridley, California



Interior Y. L. M. I. A. Summer Home, Spring Hollow, Logan Canyon

ducers, fuses—all of which work so as to spread man's energies over the longest time and over the greatest number of affairs. The brain requires most of the years before forty to perfect the art of managing its body. Science has proven beyond a doubt that those with the best minds may not grow rich in cash, they last longest and get the most out of life for the least effort. So while fools die young so far as real living is concerned, super people learn to live and live late.

In the fourth chapter, "Learning to Live After Forty," Mr. Pitkin says, "I am convinced that if a child is badly handled up to the age of Seventy, it is almost impossible to correct the bad emotional twists in his nature afterwards."

After forty a man is best able to put his job in its place. He should not give it up but he should place it. We should learn to budget our time—sixty minutes in an hour, 24 hours in a day, etc. Allow eight hours for sleep, seven for work—whatever you need for dressing, undressing, and any other unavoidable of modern existence which seldom add joy to life, answering routine letters, cleaning your teeth,—now what remains? About 2500 hours of yearly freedom—what to do with them? That's an engineering problem. It's an intricate trick of measuring and weighing energy output, minutes and relative values.

In chapter five "Busy Leisure," he tells us how to use our leisure and this is most interesting to the adult department. Much of it is similar to our projects during the past and present years. See page 15 and 16, Adult Manual 1933-34. He places travel as the first way of using leisure. Travel grows cheaper and cheaper—it is literally as cheap to go round the world as to stay at home—from coast to coast on less than \$4.00 a day and we get our information first handed. How foolish to sit around like a toad on a stool when we might as well be getting an eye full some where else.

Next to travel try reading.—Read-

ing is the heart and soul of culture in its highest form.

Now turn to conversation. Were women to take half as much pains in preparing their conversation as fixing their hair for dinner, life would be merrier.

Then he advises hobbies.

Happiness comes most easily after forty. Once past 40 rich experience and clearer organization of wishes, enables one to know what he wants and to get it with ease, grace and precision. You are a little less strenuous then than at 20 or 30, and therefore more inclined to pause at the climax of each success and gloat over it.

In his seventh chapter, "Does Woman's Life Begin at Forty," he feels that women are capable of and may shoulder the big important jobs. America will go under unless built from the bottom up and women may do it. They will have to educate, organize and rebuild cities, governments and schools, work out a national program of adult education. This work will have to be done by men and women over 40 and in some fields women are best qualified to think and to lead.

He allows us to peek into "The New World," in 1975, "Due to the work of science and better education, electric and chemical power will be as cheap as water now is. Energy will have ceased to be a factor in calculating costs of consumption goods. Food will have lost its significance in the family budget. Clothing will be so cheap that no one will worry over its cost.

We will have parks, gardens, lovely homes, community centers and play grounds. Youth will lose his former advantage over adults because relatively less and less horse power will be required to achieve any given result.

The increase of intelligent older groups will put business in its place as nothing else can.

Chapter 9, "The New Division of Labor," we must learn a new division of labor and responsibility. Let those past forty plan, while the young carry out programs, where energy is essential, select the energetic, where judgment based on long experience is most sorely needed, look to the elders for leadership. The gravest weakness of the middle aged lies not in nature but in nurture. Man turns upon himself and devours his own vitals whenever he lacks external interests and the urge to grow.

Chapter 10, "Parents should end at forty," It can be demonstrated that any boy or girl a little above average intelligence can learn a new trade every six months without straining mind or muscle. In a well ordered society, a man and wife in their late twenties would both have four and twenty skills, most of which might be turned into cash from time to time.

Young people should learn to stand on their own feet. Having to stand on one's own feet is, all in all, the greatest good fortune that can befall any one. Not only will the young gain but the parents will be able to live their own life at forty.

He closes his book with a chapter



The Old Fireplace—Y. L. M. I. A. Summer Home, Spring Hollow, Logan Canyon

entitled "We Exit Envy." At forty you will be wiser and happier than at thirty. At fifty you will be clearer, steadier, and surer than at forty. At sixty you will be planning automobile trips to Mexico, a new sailboat, a fresh study of your village finance for muscle yields to mind and sense. I say you will but will you? If you use your mind, yes. Have you a mind?

Back up the Budget!

THE golden opportunity has come to us this year to remove one of the greatest obstacles to the artistic and social success of our M. I. A. program—the exploitation of recreation to raise revenue. Revenue from recreation has been the major motive behind many of our programs in the past. "How much money can we make out of it?" has often been uppermost in the minds of ward leaders.

The M. I. A. has long urged that recreation should not be debased by the dollar motive; that it should be recognized and used as a means to higher ends—for educational, social, cultural, and spiritual uplift. Brigham Young, founder of the M. I. A., said, "We need recreation as well as religion." It is the assignment of our organizations to supply that need. Not mere amusement, but recreation that really re-creates, no other is worthy the name.

No doubt as a result of the educational program carried forward in the M. I. A. during the past several years, the church as a whole has now come to recognize that our need for play is quite as legitimate as our need for worship, that both are necessary in a complete church program, and that we should be quite as willing to finance one as the other. In short, that the cost of both should be included in every ward budget instead of sacrificing one for the sake of the other.

Bishops throughout the Church have just been instructed by the Presiding Bishopric of the Church to adopt the budget system of finance, and to include in the ward budget the cost of the ward recreation program, so that hereafter no admission charge will be made at the doors of Latter-day Saint churches.

On page 7 of the new Supplement to the Handbook is a statement of the plan. As the first practical and all important step in promoting our Adult Project this season we suggest that this plan be explained in detail in the class so that all members may understand it thoroughly. It may be well to have a committee from the Adult Department wait upon the Bishop of the Ward and assure him of your hearty support, and encourage him to carry out fully the plan as suggested.

The great good that will result from this budget plan in many ways can hardly be overestimated.

Seniors

Discussion Periods

- I. Objectives to be achieved in group discussion.
 1. Creating friendly, congenial and happy relationships among the members of the group.
 2. Developing an appreciation for Latter-day Saints' social, moral and spiritual ideals.
 3. Stimulating interest in and knowledge concerning the great social movements of the day.
 4. Cultivating the art of conversation. (See pages 381 to 391, Community Activity Manual.)
 5. Creating an interest in reading current literature, dealing with vital human problems.
- II. Leadership: Although the ideal leadership may not be easily found it may be created. The following are some of the qualifications.
 1. Have an alert, active mind.
 2. Be a wide reader.
 3. Enjoy discussion.
 4. Have an open mind.
 5. Treat opinions of others with respect.
 6. Make the members happy in his presence.
 7. Guide and direct, though not preach.
 8. Leave the group with a happy feeling toward each other even if they differ in opinion.
- III. The manual—Problems of today and tomorrow.
 1. Content: This is a compilation of significant statements taken from current magazine articles edited and supplemented by Harrison R. Merrill and Elsie Brandley. The chapters are not only informational in character but point also the way to the solution of our perplexing human problems.

The following are chapter headings:

1. Job Insurance.
2. Annuities and Pensions.
3. Property, Income Sales, and Inheritance Taxes.
4. The Tariff.
- 5-6. Money.
7. Banking.
8. Public Utilities.
9. The Railroads.
- 10-11. Natural Resources.
12. Our Schools.
13. Preparation for Marriage.
- 14-15. The New Family Life.
16. Parents and Children.
17. Recreation in the 20th Century.

18. Recreation and Leisure-time Activities.

- 19-20. Forms of Recreation.

21. Changing Religious Scene of the 20th Century.

22. Youth and Religion.

23. Where is Religion Going.

24. The Religion of the L. D. S.

The chapters are non-technical and intensely interesting.

2. How the manual should be used.

- a. Read its chapters as you would articles from other current magazines.

- b. Discuss it informally as you would any interesting article with a group of friends before a fire-place.

- c. Secure general discussion. Do not permit any one to monopolize the time.

- d. Avoid dogmatism—treat with respect the views of every member of the class.

- e. The chapters need not be followed in the order written. Any chapters may be omitted if the group members and its leader are not interested in them.

3. Supplementing the Manual.

All of the problems discussed in this manual are up-to-the-minute, burning problems. Our weekly and daily press as well as our magazines will be freighted with articles dealing with these subjects. The wise teacher and Senior Class member will provide themselves with a scrap book or a series of envelopes and will begin at once preserving clippings from articles dealing with these topics.

Suitable scrap books may be had at fifteen or twenty cents each, or better ones may be purchased for a little more. Envelopes which may be filed away may be kept for the same purpose. Look over the table of contents now, and then begin your own clipping service. When the various topics come up for discussion you will have a fund of information ready.

The daily papers will contain a great deal of material. The magazines which will be especially helpful will be *The Improvement Era*, *The Reader's Digest*, because it will give a cross-section of all of the articles appearing in the best American magazines, *The Literary Digest* or *Time* or *News Week*, *The Review of Reviews*, *Forum*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harpers*, *The New Republic*, *The Nation*, *Scribner's*, and *Parent's Magazine*. Other magazines such as *Collier's*, *Saturday Evening Post*, *The American*, and

many others, will have occasional articles dealing with these subjects.

b. Class members may be asked to report interesting articles consuming, however, only three to seven minutes of time. A general discussion should follow these reports.

Recreation

ONE aim of the Senior Department is to extend acquaintanceship. If this class can open the way and give its members opportunity to meet others of similar tastes; and if it impels them to seek good things they jointly and severally desire, it will serve an excellent purpose.

This thought was in the minds of those who planned the recreation for this year. You will notice that it gives opportunity to meet similar groups from the other wards of the stake as well as to meet other groups within the ward.

To this end, and in the hope that it will bring joy into the lives of its members this course is sent forth.

Eight Monthly Activity Programs

(See manual pages 4, 5 and 6 for complete outline.)

1. Four ward programs.
2. Four stake programs. (Under direction of Stake Senior Leaders.)
3. The Senior Ball.
4. Athletics (Indoor Baseball).

For the second period activity program on three Tuesday evenings of each month read pages 16 to 19 of M. I. A. Supplement to M. I. A. Handbook and Community Activity Manual. Take especial note of the three methods of procedure on pages 17 and 18.

Ogden 3rd Ward

IN describing the work of the Senior class during last season we have this to say: On our open night we have enjoyed ourselves in a recreational way. We first gave a party and had as our guests, the people of the Ward who were eligible for the class, but who were not at that time, enrolled. We entertained with games and served refreshments and another time we gave a program and dance with refreshments.

Through acquainting our possible members with our work, we have more than tripled our enrollment.

For our leisure time project, we have been very much interested in studying and visiting many of the mills and industrial plants of our city. This has been most entertaining besides being highly educational. It has been a real source of pleasure to us. We are enthusiastic in our work, there is a good spirit prevailing and the membership increased up to the end of the year.

M Men-Gleaners

To M Men and Gleaner Presidents and M Men and Gleaner Leaders

TO you has been assigned the important task of putting over the joint sessions of your respective groups. On this one night of the entire month you are given the full period to conduct and present the subject matter of Personality under the direction of class leaders.

Does the work assigned to you appear to be a burden, or can you see in it a wonderful opportunity?—An opportunity, first, of growth for yourself as a leader, and second, an opportunity of influencing others in the development of their own personalities.

There are many requisites for a good leader. Take inventory of yourself and see if you measure up. Do you prepare yourself well? Have you made assignments and checked on them so that there will be no failures in class presentation? Do you make each and every one in your group feel that he or she is necessary to the success of the class? Do you share equally the responsibility of the class without usurping or shirking each other's tasks? Are you looking to the improvement of your own personality so that you may teach by example as well as by precept?

The test of your leadership will be in the growth and interest which your class displays.

To have an intelligent basis for your leadership, keep in mind month after month the main objectives of this joint program, which are.

1st.—The establishment of desirable friendships.

2nd.—The development of leadership.

3rd.—The development of culture and refinement.

The course for October treated the subject of "Personality and what is it?" The definition of Personality

was given. Personality is the sum total of our social behavior. Henceforth material and suggestions will be given in the hope that with them, behavior may be improved. Thus will personality be enriched, for there is no personality beyond behavior.

"That our present world is out of joint is well understood by all of us." In the lesson for November, Gleaner Manual, page 191, we analyze the fact that the world hasn't been very sincere. As a leader of M Men and Gleaner groups, are you sincere, intellectually and morally?—Intellectually sincere, in that you anchor your beliefs in truth and facts; morally sincere, behaving in strict accord with beliefs.

A leader cannot teach that which he or she does not possess. Read the lesson on sincerity thoroughly, and well in advance of November 7th, make assignments and gather all material on the subject of sincerity in personality that you can find. Look well to your own sincerity in appearance, in purpose, and achievement; in other words, endeavor to make your own personality outstanding because of its sincerity, remembering that "Some people grow under responsibility, and others just swell."

M Men-Gleaner Banquets

THE Garvanza Ward M Men and Gleaner Girls of the Hollywood Stake, introduced something new by way of a conjoint Ward Election Banquet. The banquet was arranged at the close of Mutual in June, for the purpose of electing the new officers for the following year. Young men and women eligible for M Men and Gleaner work were also invited, enabling them to vote for their leaders in the coming season.

The banquet tables were beautifully adorned with golden blossoms, and green candles, carrying out the gold and green color scheme. Dainty hand-painted place cards in flower form,



M Men-Gleaner Banquet, Lehi Stake

with a silhouette of a young man and woman on the cover, the contents including a lovely friendship poem, and the program of the evening added to the beauty of the decorations. The place cards were made by the Gleaner Girls.

The new Mutual slogan, "Inspired by the Refining Influences of Mormonism, we will Develop the Gifts Within Us," was the theme for the decorations. A large gold chest representing a human being, with scrolls such as faith, hope, patience, etc., symbolizing the possibilities of development of a human being, was the centerpiece. For favors, small nut-cups skillfully made into little gold chests, delighted each guest.

Bishop Hoglund was a very capable, amusing Master of Ceremonies. The Gleaner and M Men elections were held following the banquet, after which dancing was enjoyed by all.

M Men-Gleaner Banquet

A VERY gay event was the Annual M Men-Gleaner banquet of Pioneer Stake held at the Elk's Club ballroom. Covers were laid for one hundred and eighty-three guests. Colorful balloons were arranged as rainbows over the tables which were decorated with spring flowers and lighted by bright-colored tapers. Rainbow-hued programs and place cards also lent atmosphere to the affair.

Our toastmaster and mistress carried out the program very cleverly by bringing out the idea that although some rain must fall there is a silver lining and a rainbow for everyone.

At the close of the banquet dancing was enjoyed.

Florence Farnsworth Richards

By Lula Greene Richards

"IN a moment suddenly," with not a parting sigh,
Passed from Earth to Paradise, "in the twinkling of an eye,"
From beside her loving husband, with no signal of release,
To her father's joyous welcome in the Spirit World of Peace.
In this day of swift transition near the close of earthly Time,
Could our gracious Heavenly Father offer mercy more sublime?
Daughter, sister, friend and neighbor—brilliant, honored, trusted, prized;
In the home as wife and mother—sacred, almost idolized!
Yet—O favored, cherished Florence—'mong earth's noblest, truest, best!
How shall loved ones grasp the meaning of so rushed and keen a test?
May this thought give strength and solace unto crushed hearts who remain—
Florence, worthy, passed from earth cares with no anxious dread or pain.
And the "rapid transit" measures all around us so increase,
Very soon will all be gathered in a home of Rest and Peace.

Gleaner Girls

Course of Study

GLEANING in the Field of Biography—what richer, fuller field for gleanings can be found the whole wide world around? To delve into the past, into lives of those who have lived after breath has gone and bodies laid to dust; to study and understand the works and philosophies of those who have become immortal through them—these are blessings which are in the field of biography, where the gleanings of the coming year shall lead the girls of Gleaner age.

In October one of the greatest evenings of the entire course is outlined for us—the study of Jesus—of whom it has been written descriptively that he was.

For the 17th of October, the subject is to be Mohammed—founder of one of the great far eastern religions, and teacher of thoughts and theories profound and effectual in shaping many lives.

Since each sketch planned for the year is complete in itself, it is hoped that one may be completed each discussion evening. To divide the study of a life is to break the continuity necessary to an appreciation of the consistent living which marked most of the characters to be considered.

Project: "I Will Gather Treasures of Truth"

OF increasing interest and value to the Gleaners who are developing this project is the work of love they do for it—and for themselves. To appreciate life and love those through whom life has come in such rich measure, we need only go back into the history of their beginnings; their conversions; their sacrifices for the Gospel's

sake, and the sake of those to come after them; and these are the lessons learned in the Gleaner Project.

October 24 is the evening set aside for the Project study, with the division of "The Gospel Message" to be considered specifically. To tell of ways in which the Gospel Message reached our forebears is to provide an evening of testimony bearing under a different name.

On page 719, this *Era*, is an article by Rachel Grant Taylor which will give to the girls an idea of what material is to be found for the searching, and what satisfaction there is in knowing of those who have paved the way for us.

Project: "First Aid"

SOME Gleaner classes, having chosen the alternate project, will by the evening of October 24 be into the second lesson. It is not to be thought that the value of this project lies in the information contained, alone, important as that is. There is, over and above and through it all, the thought that through the knowledge thus obtained, a life or limb might some day be saved; that help might be rendered quickly where it is gravely needed; that Gleaner girls, by virtue of their knowledge of First Aid, will be ready to spring to service of fellow man when the need shall arise. Go into the study of this project with heart as well as mind. See the possibilities for service in it, and never let the sight of that be lost. Even chapter 2—Anatomy, Skeleton, Body and Circulatory System—can be studied subjectively. To understand the body and its functions is to be able to help in keeping it well and healing its wounds. Florence Nightingale, and countless others, have considered that an opportunity worth a life-time of devotion.



Stake or Ward not indicated on photograph. Write the *Era* and tell who you are!

Class Leaders

THE time allotted for class discussions on the second, third and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month should not be encroached upon by long announcements and business of the Gleaner organization. Where such announcements or business require more than five minutes, they should be attended to on the first Tuesday of each month. Arrangements should be made with the M Men for the necessary time.

Books to Read

EMILY DICKINSON, the poet, said "There is no frigate like a book to bear us lands away!" and she spoke only what others know full well. No need to stay in one town when "Bleak House" can bear us to England—Dickens' England, with its charm and quaintness and slow-moving action. No need to stay in the 20th Century when Churchill's "The Crisis" can carry us back into the Civil War; no need to feel chained to the west when "As the Earth Turns" can take us to a New England farm to share the tranquility of Jen on the farm, and partake of the peace of the soil, and the joy of doing simple tasks well as Jen experienced them.

For October 31 have the girls review the books—they will put into them the color of their own youthful interpretation. Be sure to know that the books are obtainable—either in the M. I. A. library, or in the homes of the girls—for it would be almost criminal to deprive the Gleaners of the opportunity to share with the rest of the Church the joyous activity of the reading course. Checking on the reading is important—but only as a yard-stick to measure happiness and travel—that being borne "lands away!"

Gleaner Sheaf

I WILL read the Scriptures daily. At no time in history, probably, has it been more true than now that "man does not live by bread alone." The need for food of the spirit is overwhelming, and Gleaner Girls, knowing where to turn for this food, will find it in rich abundance through the binding of the sheaf for the year which leads them to the daily reading of Scriptures.

Vanguards

Correlation of Vanguard-Scout Leadership with Aaronic Priesthood Supervision in Stakes

Stake Vanguard-Scout Committee (District)

STAKE PRESIDENCY

ADVISERS. Responsible for finance which may be assigned to other leadership when available.

1. *Chairman of Stake Aaronic Priesthood Committee.* Chairman of combined Vanguard-Scout Committee, for correlation and cooperation. Responsible for motivation of entire Vanguard-Scout Program.
2. *Member of Stake Sunday School Superintendency.* Responsible for religious instruction of Vanguards and Scouts in Sunday School.
3. *Stake Superintendent of M. I. A.* Responsible for National Registration of Joint Vanguard-Scout Troop Committees and registration of Vanguards and Scouts.

VANGUARDS

4. *Stake Supervisor of Teachers.* (Member of High Council Committee assigned to Teachers) is Chairman of Stake (District) Vanguard Committee, responsible for Organization, Recruiting, etc.
5. *Father of Vanguard (Preferably).* Responsible for Leadership Training, advancement, Court of Honor, etc.
6. *Father of Vanguard (Preferably).* Responsible for camping, Activities, etc. Other members if desired. Stake Vanguard Commissioner is Secretary.

SCOUTS

7. *Stake Supervision of Deacons* (Member of High Council Committee assigned to Deacons) is Chairman of Stake (District) Scout Committee, responsible for organization, recruiting, etc.

8. *Father of Scout (Preferably).* Responsible for Leadership training, advancement, Court of Honor, etc.
9. *Father of Scout (Preferably).* Responsible for Camping, Activities, etc. Other members if desired. Stake Scout Commissioner is Secretary.

Correlation of Vanguard-Scout Leadership with Aaronic Priesthood Supervision in Wards

Ward Vanguard-Scout Committee
BISHOPRIC ADVISERS

RESPONSIBLE for finance which may be assigned, when advisable to other leadership.

1. *Chairman of Ward Aaronic Priesthood Committee* is chairman of combined Vanguard-Scout Committee, for correlation and cooperation. Responsible for motivation of Vanguard-Scout entire program.
2. *Member of Ward Sunday School Superintendency.* Religious instruction of Vanguards and Scouts in Sunday School.
3. *President of Ward Y. M. M. I. A.* Responsible for National Registration of Joint Troop Committee and Registration of Vanguard and Scout Troops.

VANGUARDS

4. *Supervisor of Teachers' Quorum.* (Representative of Bishopric) is Chairman of Ward Vanguard Committee. Responsible for Organizing, Recruiting, etc.
5. *Father of Vanguard (Preferably).* Leadership Training, Advancement, Court of Honor, etc.
6. *Father of Vanguard (Preferably).* Camping, Activities, etc. Other members if desired. To be appointed by the Bishopric. Ward Vanguard Leader is Secretary.

SCOUTS

7. *Supervisor of Deacons' Quorum.** (Representative of Bishopric) is Chairman of Ward Scout Troop Committee. Responsible for Organization, Recruiting, etc.
8. *Father of Scout (Preferably).* Leadership Training, Advancement, Court of Honor, etc.
9. *Father of Scout (Preferably).* Camping, Activities, etc. Other members if desired. To be appointed by the Bishopric. Ward Scoutmaster is secretary.

*If more than one Deacons' Quorum, all supervisors become members of the committee with the Senior Supervisor as Chairman.



Gleaner Girls—the Netherlands Mission

Junior Girls

A NEW season in M. I. A. is a happy one for the Junior class, because of the thousands of girls who come into their ranks from the Bee-Hive; and a sad one because of the number who go from the Junior into the Gleaner Department. It would never do to hold them back, but so dear have they become, so lovable, and colorful and almost necessary to the happiness of Junior leaders that it will inevitably bring heart-ache to let them go.

Welcome into the Junior Class the new girls, just turning fifteen years of age—that enchanted time when they are neither girls nor women—something of each—and delightful because of their girlish maturity and their womanly innocence. They know many things, these girls, and their opinions should be respected. They have much yet to learn, and their ignorance must be guarded—let them not guess that a leader considered them as children. Life is opening up before them with light and color and imagination they have but vaguely glimpsed before. Help them to make the light white and clear; the color pure and fine; the imagination clean and sweet. As Junior leaders, your opportunities are many and beautiful. Do not let the tasks of preparation and teaching; of planning and working, rise up before your eyes to shut out the greater values beyond. Remember always the man who had pennies in his eyes, and they blinded him to the fortune of gold and precious jewels before him. Adjust your own values and you will have taken the first step toward helping the girls adjust theirs.

Sunshine and Rain

By Ruth Cornick, A Gleaner

WHEN sun is shining bright and sky is blue,
When bluebirds start to sing their sweetest lay,
When fragrant flowers lift their faces gay,
'Tis then that we feel happy through and through.
When luck is with us, and our friends are true,
And from us all our troubles drift away,
It's easy to be happy and be gay,
And share our joy with many others too.
When in the sky the clouds begin to form,
When luck is gone and friends against us go,
'Tis then we feel we cannot stand the storm,
And everyone appears to be a foe.
It's easy to be glad when all is bright,
But real men smile when trouble's at its height.

Report from Junior Girls

WE the thirty active Junior girls from Mill Creek Ward have adopted as our slogan the words of

President Grant found in the February number of *The Improvement Era*, "All the teaching in the world, unless the individual is living that which he teaches, will not carry the spirit of right action." We are endeavoring to let the lessons in our "Believing and Doing" Manual react in our daily lives.

During the past year we have sponsored various activities which have added interest to the class.

A basket ball team which we organized within our class afforded lively activity and competition with a Junior girl basket ball team from another ward. After several weeks' practice we met together for a final game. The charged 5c admission to the game. The proceeds were used for our Junior Stake party.

Each Tuesday night different members of our class have taken their turns weaving a wall hanging. The back-

ground is black with a white "J" for Junior in the center. We leave this as a souvenir from our class. In the black background, we have woven in many undesirable habits. In the white "J" we have brought out qualities which will enable us to improve our personalities and characters.

Seventeen members of our class have had their patriarchal blessings. We consider the chapter, "My Privileges Under the Covenant," one of the most important in our *Lest I Forget Books*, because of the comfort and guidance we can obtain from our patriarchal blessings.

One pleasant afternoon in January we met at a lady's home and made chocolates. She is an expert candy maker, and we all felt our time had been invested to good advantage.

Many homes have been visited in an effort to secure baptismal names. We have done work for 501 names.

These and other activities have promoted a feeling of unity among the members of our class and we are enjoying Junior work immensely.

Bee-Hive Girls

Calendar

Nymphs:

Dec. 5—Christmas plans—The making of gifts and card.

Dec. 12—Christmas program—stories and songs.

Dec. 19—Christmas delivery of a basket for elderly people followed by a candy pull.

Dec. 26—Christmas party given by the girls.

Builders:

Dec. 5—Guide XII. Open night, "An evening with mother."

Dec. 12—Guide XIII. Common accidents.

Dec. 19—Guide XIV. Triangular Bandage.

Dec. 26—Christmas party. ("An Evening With Mother" might be given as the Christmas party and the evening of Dec. 5 spent in Christmas gift making.)

Gatherers:

Dec. 5—Guide XII. Open night—Gift Making.

Dec. 12—Guide XIII. Love of Truth.

Dec. 19—Guide XIV. Word of Wisdom. (F. C. No. 9.)

Dec. 26—Christmas party.

Thoughts for Bee-Keepers

THE General Board has conducted Bee-Hive Institutes in most of the States in the Church during the past year. How lasting will be their effect? Are the suggestions and information given there being used in promoting

better Bee-Hive work? Bee-Keepers should feel that their position of leadership is one of honor and privilege, and diligently put forth every effort for careful preparation, getting new ideas, new methods, new plans. Our Bee-Hive chain of Swarms can be no stronger than its weakest link.

Angela Morgan, in her oft-quoted poem "Work" says of it that it is her joy and blessing; not her doom, and the same thing might be said of every Bee-Keeper's opportunity to help her girls complete their work and get the most benefit out of it. The old question, paraphrased to read "Am I my sister's Keeper?" should be answered with a proud and vigorous affirmative by every leader who is honored with the name "Keeper." To have eyes for the girls when their are dim to their privileges; to have ears to hear their unspoken needs; hands to help correct their lack of skill; will to direct them in paths and fields of joyous activity—these are the blessings of the Bee-Keeper.

Changes in Bee-Hive

Terminology

THE Probationary Requirements will be termed, "Trial Flights." The Womanho Call will be changed to, "The Bee-Hive Call." "The Keeper's Ring" to, "Honor Ring."

Girls earning the Honor Ring will be called, "Honor Bees." (All Bee-Hive girls who have finished both ranks and earned seven Bee-Lines and seven Merit Badges are to be known as Honor Bees and are entitled to buy and wear the Honor Ring.)

"The Honey Comb"

THE Honey Comb" replaces the "Scrap Book." It has been prepared by the General Board and is now ready for your use—price 25c.

All Bee-Hive Girls may use this book or make a similar one. We recommend that Stake and Ward Bee-Keepers secure a copy to be used as a guide. Printed instructions will accompany each book."

"The Honey Comb" is to be a record of the Bee-Hive girl's cell filling activity. Each cell filled should be recorded in some form within the book. Beginning now will avoid being crowded for time later.

Bee-Keepers' Awards

BEE-KEEPERS who remain in service for three years having completed the two ranks, earned seven Bee-Lines and seven Merit Badges and taken

tests prepared by the General Board, may buy and wear a special pin. Bee-Keepers having already served two years or more may take credit for two years' service. New Bee-Keepers must, of course, serve three years. For two years additional service, or at the end of five years, another pin as a guard to be attached to the first pin will be awarded by the General Board.

Note: It has always been understood that Bee-Keepers may take credit in cell filling for the past two years of their experience. This is permitted to place them at once ahead of their swarm.

Cooperative Trial Plan of Mi-kan-wee and Bee-Hive

A COOPERATIVE plan for the 13 year old girls who remain in Primary until they are 14, has been worked out as follows:

One—that paths in the Mi-kan-

wee program be started (two each month) for which the girls may take credit when they enter Mutual and become Bee-Hive girls.

Two—a strict record will be kept by the Primary Mi-kan-wee counselor of these paths each girl completes which will correspond to the cells in the Bee-Hive for which she may receive credit.

Three—upon presentation of the record to the Bee-Keeper a test will be given, upon satisfactory completion of which each girl will receive proper credit and award.

Four—this plan is to be called the Mi-kan-wee and Bee-Hive trial plan and will begin functioning at the commencement of the fall season—Sept., 1933.

Bee-Keepers will make note of the fact that no credit will be given for work done in Primary until the fall of 1934 when the 13-year-old girls who remain in Primary this fall will start to Mutual next year.

The Flying Attorney

Continued from
page 709

AS all of the Army Flying Schools were then filled, the only thing I could do was return to Salt Lake and wait until my name was reached on the waiting list. After two months' waiting I was sent to Camp Lewis, Washington, and three weeks later was called to the Flying School at the University of California at Berkeley. After graduating from Berkeley as a Flying Cadet I went to Dallas, Texas, then to San Diego, California, where actual flying training commenced. It is hard to describe the anticipation that fills one's soul at the thought of leaving the ground in his first solo flight."

"How long do thrills last when one flies a plane?" I asked him.

"Thrills cease when one is no longer afraid; when one becomes master of the situation, and until the unusual and dangerous element enters the flight, thrills do not return."

"But do you not respond to a great thrill when you realize that you have conquered the air, so to speak, and have achieved so much that is unusual and glorious?" I queried.

"If keen satisfaction in being capable of saying 'Where will I take this airplane today' instead of having to say 'I wonder where this airplane is going to take me now,' is what you call a thrill, I am thrilled all the time. I believe I

have found my work. I am happy and as happiness is intelligent satisfaction, I am sure that my flying experience arouses greater emotions than those which are usually termed a thrill."

"Were you ever timid or afraid?"

"If one is afraid one should quit. When I was about to take my first solo flight I witnessed a terrible air tragedy. Two planes came together as they were going to land. The one higher up did not see the lower one and the propeller of the under ship caught the elevator of the higher one. Without its elevator the plane went out of control, made a nose dive into the earth, where both the instructor and student were killed. But it did not make me hesitate to fly alone, just a few minutes later. It was the moment of an ambition fulfilled, the climax to weeks of concentration, training and work. Nothing mattered to me right then, but the realization of a great dream come true."

"Where did you give service during the war?" I asked.

"I was flying instructor at Riverside, California, during the war, anticipating a call to go overseas to the front. And you will never understand the peculiar feeling that came to us when the Armistice was signed. We were glad the war was over, but so disappointed that we had not had the opportunity of

going into active service, that when it was planned that all planes on the training field should fly in formation over Los Angeles to celebrate the Armistice, every pilot at the field refused to go aloft."

"But would it not have been a fine experience to have been permitted to fly over that interesting city?"

"It was. On one occasion we formed a squadron of one hundred and four planes and flew from Riverside to Los Angeles with groups of ten planes as close as safety would permit, making an exhibition of skill that has gone down in air history."

"Did you ever think you would remain in the service of the government as an air pilot?" I asked.

"Yes, I had charge of the R. M. A. field at Riverside, California, when the Armistice was signed, and was enjoying my work so intensely that I signed up for a commission in the regular army. But a trip home for Thanksgiving, my first since joining the service, convinced me that I desired to return to Salt Lake City and home, the finest place in the world to me, so I resigned my commission and returned, again entering the County Attorney's office in Salt Lake County which I had resigned to enter the service."

"In 1922 the Government established in Salt Lake the 329th Observation Squadron and assigned

planes for use of reserve pilots in Utah, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming and Nevada. They furnished planes and gas and personnel to take care of them, all officers were required to fly four hours a month, performing army tactics but without compensation."

"And have you never been ill during your flying experience?"

"When I took up flying I suffered intensely with stomach trouble. But since I have been out of doors so much have never had a sick day."

HE told me all pilots were drowsy at times and there

were tablets containing a stimulant that might be taken by them, but that he had never been obliged to use them. He expressed himself as being grateful for his knowledge of the Word of Wisdom and he feels sure that much of his success in flying is due to the fact that he uses no tea, coffee, liquor or tobacco.

"Every thirty days we are examined by the Flight Surgeon and are compelled to pass a complete flight test physically every six months. Dr. Mazel Skolfeld, Captain of the Medical Reserve Corps, and the Utah Examiner of

pilots for the United States Department of Commerce, has stated to me that the use of tobacco and alcohol directly affects the organs of the body that should be kept perfect for flying and that a pilot who uses them will undoubtedly fail his physical examination earlier in life than the total abstainer."

Upon being asked if anything ridiculous had ever happened to him, he smiled and answered, "I was forced to land my plane just outside of Melrose, Idaho, because of intense fog. When the air mail pilot covers the ten toughest miles of his five hundred mile route on horseback, that's a story. But the mail must go through. A farmer seeing the plane set down rode up on horseback. I struck a bargain with him and five minutes later, still garbed in my heavy flying togs and goggles, I rode off on the borrowed horse, bound for the railroad at Melrose. I got there just in time to get the air mail pouches on the south bound train to Salt Lake. On my ride through the town two giggling young ladies had the time of their lives as they watched me pass, saying loudly enough for me to hear, 'O! Look it's the airplane feller. You can shoot ducks under him.'"

"And then after the train had pulled out of the station, moving slowly and leading the horse, I walked back to the plane guarded by the farmer from whom I had borrowed the steed. Two hours later I reached the plane, weary in more places than my feet. I think right then I swore off horseback rides, mail or no mail."

Because I had heard that his wife flies and enjoys it I asked, "What do you think of women as air pilots?"

"It is good for them," he averred. "My wife learned to fly so that she would not worry about me, and has enjoyed flying and relaxing under the training. It has given her power and satisfaction."

MR. ELSMORE has acted as pilot for many passengers. I, who have many times wondered how I should react to an unusual experience in the air, was eager to know how his passengers behaved under the pressure of danger. He replied with a story.

"My most unusual and dangerous experience happened in 1928 just before Christmas. I was flying

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BUREAU OF INFORMATION

Temple Block

Salt Lake City

from Pocatello to Salt Lake with three passengers, man, wife and a four year old baby. All went well until I reached a wall of fog covering a valley some distance north of Malad City, Idaho. I flew from one side of the valley to the other trying to get around the fog or into the next valley, but I was hemmed in completely. I decided to return to Pocatello and wait until the fog lifted, but upon trying to return discovered that the fog had closed in behind me and we were enveloped in that impenetrable mist. If you have never been above a fog with heaven as your only refuge, you will never know the helplessness I felt at this particular time. I did not even have the heaven above, as the fog was pressing down and in from all sides. And the mystery and beauty of that fog! It seemed to intoxicate and compel one to do its bidding. I did know that there were about three feet of heavily crusted snow on the ground below me and that my plane, even if it did land in some hay field, would tip over when its wheels should break through the frozen snow.

"But I also knew that through all that mist and uncertainty there was a God in Heaven, a Father watching over all and that He could hear my silent prayer even through all the fog and mystery. I did not pray for my plane, nor for myself alone, but for those three passengers and I never prayed more earnestly in my life. I could go up and up in an attempt to get higher than the clouds, but for how long? How much gasoline would I need to carry us out of that fog? I could go down being sure of reaching ground quickly, but with what results? I prayed for divine assistance in making my decision. I know my prayers were answered when I decided to stay underneath the fog rather than climb up through, and learned later that the entire surrounding country was enveloped in fog, so that I would have crashed when my gasoline was exhausted. Having decided, I circled for one hour and twenty minutes with the fog lowering and driving me closer and closer to the ground until I could not see to stay up longer. Down I went, could finally see that snowy field coming up to meet us. I had called the man to me, told him we were all right, and for them to fasten their

belts, but if we went over for him to slide the baby into the soft upholstery in the top of the passenger cabin. The momentum of the plane caused the wheels to dig deep into the crusty surface of snow and true to my expectations the plane turned completely over and we came to, standing on our heads, with the seats hanging up above us.

"My first, intelligent thought came when I heard the child's voice saying, 'Mother, where are the seats?'"

"A farmer having heard us circling in the fog and feeling that we would need help had driven over to the field in his bob-sleigh and had waited one hour for me to land. We were none of us hurt physically, only a little bruised and shaken. He drove us twenty-five miles and then a car came and took us to Malad.

TEN days later the plane was righted and ready for flight again, the wheels were replaced by skis and flown into Salt Lake.

"Speaking of a plane on skis, I remember one night when coming into Salt Lake with a plane equipped with skis I had a most unusual experience. There was a heavy fog, close to the ground. I glided my plane inside of boundary lights. I thought I saw the snow-covered runway and stopped my plane, but when it dropped about

eight feet to the ground I discovered I had been mistaken and that I had stopped on top of the fog instead of the white runway. The crash spread my landing gear but did no

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other damage. Since that time I have been very careful when a fog nestled close to the ground.

"While the weather report is a flyer's lighthouse we always have the privilege of deciding for ourselves when we will attempt to fly during uncertain weather. There is an unseen power upon which I depend in times of uncertainty and peril.

"My greatest thrill comes when I am way up above things, close to the Maker—really within the Heavens. There are many things in flying that remind one of our religion. My happiest moments in flying are when I am way up there alone, alone (with God) looking down upon the panorama passing beneath me—cities, green valleys, blue lakes, dark forests, wind-swept prairies, and yet in all of this, one is filled with the wonder and power of it, and a love for the Creator of everything.

"Now that the radio is being used in planes it is really a guide post and again one is reminded of our religion. The radio course is narrow and straight and if we wander too far to one side or another we cannot hear the "on"

course sound and may be lost in the fog or darkness. A voice can come to me from the flying field in Salt Lake, when I am coming in, and cannot see even a beacon light below because of fog and smoke. It warns me and tells me how to land safely. It convinces me that the still small voice of the Divine Influence can warn me of the dangers of life and that my humble prayers, uttered or unexpressed, can be heard and answered by that God, the Father of all."

And so Captain Ray Elsmore carries on day after day as he rides through the clouds under a western sky in his great white plane. Serene on account of his faith that despite the roar of his motor and the hurricane of the propeller, his voice can be heard by the All-Father, he wings his courageous way from city to city.

Farmers and farmer's wives from their lonely farm homes in the valley below may glance up at the friendly hum of a motor to see a man-made bird zooming along, but they have no way of knowing that in it may be Ray Elsmore, the Flying Attorney."

Nocturne

Continued from
page 711

pen faltered; a chord was skipped—a measure missed—but he must write on—

As the last notes of the tune echoed away LeVal glanced up, hoping for a repetition of the music, that he might bridge the missed measures.

He wanted to rush into the night, into the dripping garden and hunt this nocturnal visitor out—to demand whether it be of the demons—or the angels; for what manner of mortal could play so gayly through that depressing downpour; could, first, have mesmerized the very music from Jean LeVal's creative soul?

Yet, he waited—and there!—it came again—slower this time, as though the violinist wished to prolong the joy of his playing.

THE pen scratched dul-ly—delayed him—and it was a little time after the violin had stopped before LeVal hurried into the garden towards the pagoda. The rain ceased suddenly as it had come and in the garden and in the street beyond all was silence, save

for the uneven drip from the pavilion eaves upon the spongy earth and the tulip cups.

Brooding on the mystery that had come to him LeVal slowly returned to his apartments—and sat again before the master-sheet; finally took a new pen from the stand.

Through the remainder of the night he worked, constructing a base for his melody; until—over the miniature hills the morning was unfurling a banner of dusky maroon and gold.

After a leisured stroll of inspection about the garden-grounds, whose rain-washed orderliness left him no clue, LeVal reentered the studio and reclining on a chaise longue he slept from a sheer nervous exhaustion.

Evening was reaching long, violet fingers over the garden wall—into the studio when LeVal awoke. In annoyance he looked to his wristwatch, then arising stood at the phone table—called a familiar number.

She answered—a voice from the skies—heaven.

LeVal implored.

"You will come to the studio tonight, Fleur? It is important, *chère*—I need you—urgently."

A heart-breaking pause—then her reply, altogether too sober, but promising.

"I know you wouldn't call, Jean, unless it was—necessary—after last night. Yes, I'll see you this evening. It can't be for long—a moment or two."

"*Bien*—I'll call for you, then?"

"No, Jean. There's an appointment. I'll stop in at the studio on my way. Near eight?"

"That will be excellent, Fleur—*merci. Au revoir.*"

"* * **voir.*"

Relaxed—handsome in summer serge and white, LeVal stood within his studio room playing softly the Strad—awaiting the arrival of Fleur. It was early yet. He would plan to be with her there at the garden-gate at the appointed time.

She came early to the rendezvous—the very—mystically alluring spirit of the spring night entering his room while Jean still played the nocturne. She paused and their eyes met over the violin.

Then—a dainty symphony in silken black—she moved toward the piano, leaving her chic black toque on the chaise longue as she passed.

IN appreciation she studied the music upon the piano-forte while Jean ended the aria—thrilled with her touch on the keys as she joined in the repetition of LeVal's violin; and after, looking up to him, she whispered.

"It is the masterpiece, Jean."

Jean LeVal, withholding the emotion of a great love, said only:

"My masterpiece! Yes, believe me, Fleur—my very soul, and yet—it is an unimaginable thing—I was not the first one to conceive it or play it."

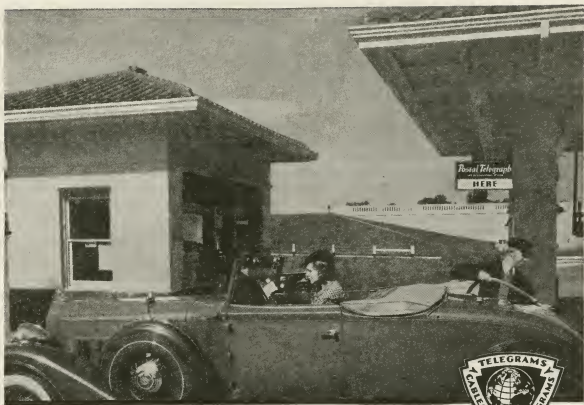
Her perplexed little frown was very quickly a smile—then she laughed—a low ripple of laughter that was music—and said:

"You have dreamed a so beautiful dream—and have awakened to find it reality. That is it, Jean?"

He could only answer:

"Will you walk with me in the garden, Fleur? I've really a rather astonishing story to tell you."

They were seated, moon-mantled in the pagoda, when LeVal ended the strange tale. Both were



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silent for many minutes until Fleur spoke quietly.

"Tell me, though, Jean—could you not merely have imagined the playing in the sound of the rain—and the wind—and all?"

"No, *chere*. The violin voice was actual; as the notes that are marked on the master-sheet; actual as violin music can be."

He paused, then resumed:

"Our music mystery may not be so unfathomable as it first appeared though. Often a composer will use a melody of his own origination, only to discover later that he

identical music is in the score of another's earlier work. I have done so, many times.

"If another had loved this garden—had been inspired by its beauties and by the divinity of a woman like yourself, Fleur—supposing that were so? Ah, could he not have conceived the ideal, the very spirit of the garden and the night and the love he knew—even as I—could he not have been endowed with the same music as mine, the very melody—to tell of his ecstasy!

"Surely—surely, it is so. We must find that 'other one'—the phantom violinist."

LeVal was suddenly aware of Fleur's hand laid tensely upon his, cautioning him to silence. She was staring breathlessly at the light-and-shadow marked garden wall. She whispered:

"The shadow—the figure—there—on—the—wall! Do you see it, Jean! Like a handsome, long-haired old man—it is an old man, Jean!—with a violin and bow raised ready to play. Like—like one of the old masters!"

LeVal's hand closed slowly over that of Fleur's and he caught his breath at the image portrayed so entirely life-like there on the moon-struck wall.

HE gasped with a sort of mirthful relief when the shadow danced awrily as a cruising wind re-aligned the leafy branches of the maples overhead.

Fleur laughed, then was serious-eyed as she said:

"It is just possible—Jean LeVal—that an intuition of mine may prove to be very true. That old-man-violin shadow has brought me a thought that I daren't tell even to you until—until—"

"Jean!—promise you'll come with me on the most absurd adventure in the world—no questions, dear—cross your heart and hope—"

Solemnly LeVal agreed and Fleur, catching his hand, fled with him—first to the studio.

* * * *

At the Cafe Terrace—a delightful place bowered by the night's star-flowered skies, Fleur and Jean were seated at one of the green-topped tables.

Fleur's gloved fingers were nervously pressed on LeVal's arm as

she gazed to a lower terrace, then relaxed in her chair.

"He is there—the old violinist, Jean—at the end table by the palms. He names himself, '*Pere Violon*,' and has played here once each night for a month past. There—he is standing and bowing now. Is he not magnificent?"

Jean stared admiringly and murmured.

"Our '*Maestro*'—to the life! He is superb. A grand old man from a page of the past.

"I imagined that he was oddly a little hesitant when he arose, Fleur—somehow groping—as though—"

Fleur interrupted.

"Yes, Jean—he—is—blind."

Shocked, LeVal could voice no word—and now the venerable one had touched bow to the strings.

Three times he played. Mozart—Saint-Saens—Ravel. Again he was bowing. LeVal spoke hurriedly to the enraptured Fleur who glanced his way expectantly.

"We must speak with him—have him at the studio—tonight, if possible. I am sure it was he who played at the garden last night!"

* * * *

LATER—in the studio of Jean LeVal there sat an old musician, who had named himself, "*Pere Violon*," listening to the sweet blend of violin and piano-forte in music played never finer in its later years of triumph, than by LeVal and Fleur Farrar that night. Overcome with the nobleness of it, *Pere Violon* could only weep silently as the song was ended.

LeVal laid his violin and bow on the piano-top and quietly confronted the aged man. His voice was confidently bold.

"*Mon Pere*—it is the music of the nocturne that you played last night in my garden—as it stormed—is it not?"

The old man raised his head as if to speak, then nodded slowly and waited for LeVal to proceed.

"It will become deservedly famous. You shall be very wealthy from it. I was able to take it down in manuscript and with your permission will place it with the publishers tomorrow."

The white-haired musician slowly answered.

"Yes, it is so. Yet, you have given it tonight a nobler touch,

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a finer expression than I have ever been able to. As though it were your own—from the depths of your own heart—.”

The reserve that had marked the old gentleman's demeanor suddenly gave way to a warm paternalism and his mellow voice took on a richer tone.

“Come—may we not enjoy the garden while we talk? There is a history of its beloved ground that I am now resolved to tell you.”

The three were seated in the little summer-house when the old musician, still holding his bow and violin, commenced his story.

“The little garden here,” began the good Father, “was once my own; my tiny studio stood there, opening into the garden even as your own apartment now does; the maples were young—.”

“All of these were mine to enjoy—and ‘hers.’ I have been away for many, many years—would have been content to remain forever there near the little country churchyard grave where she now reposes—but in the frail, white years I am obliged to replenish the funds that have dwindled despite the frugal years.

“I have ventured, this late, upon the career that was to have been mine the long years ago.

“Last night, while my cab waited at the corner, I chanced a visit to this garden, for the lure of it was very great; bade me—made me come!

“Ah!—but that night so long gone! I was inconsolable then. How could even God deny us the right of that perfect night together—how deny me the privilege of playing to her the masterpiece that our springtime hours in the garden had inspired?

“Many times since in my bitterness I have asked of myself that question—and long since I have had my answer and am content.

“Know this, *mes enfants*—God is the giver of all—and His the divine right to recall. What men perceive as tragedy—doth carry forth His wise decree.

“Is it my right to question why out of a sudden gray sky a lightning finger should have stricken her to death, in my arms—and me to blindness? Ah, no. She was needed with the angels. I—have been allowed the perpetual fair picture of that spring night in my mind.”

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The old man's fingers caressed the glossy, velvet wood of his violin. The breeze calmed to a lisp. There upon the garden wall a classic shadow—an Old Master with bow and violin ready to play—took magic form. Fleur Farrar and Jean thrilled as they saw.

The breeze ruffled the white locks of his hair as the Father raised his head and said:

"I hear the wind high-rustling in the maples and know that they have become great trees. Your fine studio has replaced my old one. The flowers are new with the season. The same sweet spirit of the

garden though is here as of old.

"Go there—my dear ones—stand by the bright fountain; your arm about her—her eyes to you—just so; while again I will play a tune."

Obedient—they stood by the silver and golden fountain—his possessive arm holding her preciously close—as she looked to him through tear-misted lashes that glorified her eyes; and as his kiss crushed tenderly upon her trembling lips—they heard the exotic, immortally beautiful song of the night.

Extracts from Letters and Journals of Oscar Winter

Continued from
page 740

tween the Missouri River and Salt Lake City. It is about twenty-five miles east of Casper on the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. It was the camping place of all emigrants for twenty-two years. In 1856, when the Y. X. carried the mail from the Missouri River it became an important station. The place flourished until 1857 when Johnston's army came and all temporary settlements were broken up. There is now a flourishing town at the place named Glen Rock, Converse County, Wyoming.

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Punken Pies

Continued from
page 718

tins jingling pleasantly, catching the little sunbeams that shot down through the branches, while Peter whistled absently and forgot to call his wares.

* * * * *

IT was a week before he returned. The little shop had been closed for the night, but a cheerful light shone from the back window.

"You certainly do look comfortable in here," said Peter, after he had shaken hands and asked after Ted. "Yes, I'll sit down, fur I've got lots to tell you. Read that now!" and with a flourish he unrolled a long strip of paper covered with writing.

"But what does it mean, Peter?" cried the bewildered woman, staring down the long list of two items, while Peter chuckled.

Down one side was written, in a straggling hand: 1 punken pie, 4 punken pies, a punken pie, 2 punken pies." Opposite to these was a list of names, with the figures 42 at the bottom.

I've been drummin' up trade fur you, and that's the result," placidly folding one long leg over the other. "Tain't nothen to what I can do if you're ekil to it." And the widow gazed at his calm face, amazement in her eyes. "Tain't much, but it's a starter, and there ain't no reason why more shoudn't follow. There's a good thing in them pies, especially with Widow Munn at one end to bake 'em, and Peter Tarbox at t'other to boom 'em!"

Then the whole story came out. Peter had thought out his plan;

with him to decide was to act, so at each house where he called he told of the wonderful pies, taking his orders in his quaint fashion.

"You jist put your name down there—that shows you mean what you say—and I'll guarantee to bring a pie that'll make your hair curl, big as that, yaller as gold, and all fur fifty cents!"

Well, the result of a long talk was that the widow would undertake to make all he could get orders for; and Peter would deliver them on his rounds, taking his pay "all of the blessed pie he could eat."

"Fraid you don't know what you're binden yourself to, Mis' Munn," said he, as he unhitched Bess. "Like as not it'll end up in bein' called 'Peter, Punken Eater'." he chuckled. "Good night."

In a small town news travels fast.

Everyone soon heard of the widow's new business, and for a time Ted had quite a rush of customers.

It had been explained to him at last about the doctor's words and the hundred dollars, and the dear boy's white, excited face and eager words of explanation moved every heart to sympathy.

"I can help like fun," he told them. "Oh, think of it! If we do get that hundred dollars I may be just as strong as other boys!"

Orders came flying in.

The minister's wife gave an order for three pies, and bought a great package of sugar.

"You must let us help a little, my dear; we feel so badly to think we never knew the dear child could be cured!" said the good lady.

NEIGHBORS and friends came with orders or offers of help; and as for the pumpkins, they began to pile up in the yard till they fairly threatened to bury the round house.

"It'll be all clear profit if it keeps on at this rate," declared Peter. "Hope you won't cut your old friends when you git to be a millionaire."

"Peter, we are friends forever!" cried the widow; while Ted pressed a clove upon him, and when he stooped to take it gave him a shy little kiss on his brown cheek.

"Here's a letter for you," said Peter; and the widow, after reading it, handed it back to him with a shaking hand.

"Read it!" she gasped, and Peter read slowly, aloud:

"Scarham House, October 18, 1925.

"Mrs. Munn, Dear Madam: This establishment has for years been famous for its pumpkin pies. The sudden death of our old pie baker compels us to look to some other source. If you will undertake to deliver to us fifty pies for Thanksgiving next we feel sure our reputation will be safe in your hands. An early answer will oblige.

"Kellogg & Blake."

"Mis' Munn," cried Peter, "write and take the job! This town has got ter rize up and pitch in. I'll go git some gals to help peel, and we'll keep that goldurned little stove a-pipen night and day. We've got a reputation to keep up ekel to anybody's, and we's goen ter do it, if it takes a leg!"

At first everything was confusion, but order soon reigned in the little kitchen. Everyone wanted to help. Farmer Brown sent a can of sweet milk. The big bundle of spices ordered from the store was sent up without a bill, with best wishes of the proprietor; and crusty old Lawyer Bliss added the last touch by buying three dozen pie plates from Peter and delivering them in person.

* * * * *

At last the great work was at an end.

The widow's tired face was bent over the account book. Ted's fingers were piling the goodly array of coins and bills, while Peter sat beaming upon them like the kindly long-legged angel he was.

"Next to mother I love you better than anybody!" cried Ted, up-setting all his careful piles to hug his friend.

"Ninety-three dollars!" an-

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nounced the widow. "Peter, how can I ever thank you?" coming over to him impulsively, tears of joy in her eyes.

"Jist trot out any amount of pie you mought have on hand," he laughed, hiding his confused face behind Ted, "and we'll call it square."

* * * * *

A YEAR has come and gone. The little round house is sending up a hospitable puff of smoke, the white chrysanthemums fill the air with fragrance, and the store door stands wide open.

But down in the village swings another sign, "Munn & Tarbox," while "Bakery" comes in smaller letters under the new firm's name, for the little round house is no longer a store.

Yes, it is all true, and a thriving business the new firm does; for the fame of their bread, rolls and pies has spread over the country.

But today the store has been left in charge of two assistants; the widow is as busy as a bee about the round house; while Peter haunts the railway station, watching the incoming trains with anxious eyes.

"I want to come home by myself, mother," writes Ted; and mother consents, though she can hardly realize that he can come alone.

"If he is even able to walk a little," she tells a neighbor who has stopped at the gate, "I will be satis-

fied. What a long year it has been, and what a glad Thanksgiving this will be!" turning to look with happy eyes through the open door.

How cozy it looks, with its waiting tea table, the bowl of flowers, the brown teapot before the open fire, and the little covered dish!

She had made a new cushion for his chair.

"For, even if he is better, he will want it some of the time," she says, with a sigh.

The neighbor has gone away, and she stands gazing down the street with wistful eyes. Then her heart suddenly beats so fast, she must lean on the fence for support. Why, how faint she feels! For, coming toward her, running, shouting, leaping, is a flying little figure. Racing, "just like other boys," with straight, strong legs and back! "Oh, just like other boys!" She feels his eager kisses on her face, and comes back to earth to know she has him in her arms, strong and well.

"Well, since you *will* give me the credit of the hull thing—not that I *deserve* it," says Peter, modestly, "I'll tell you somethin' mar used ter say every Thanksgiving: 'If Peter weren't born for nothen better, he certainly was born with a mouth fur pie.' Law me, but it used to make me feel bad to hear her; yet I'll be blessed if I don't wish she'd lived long 'nough to see it done *some* good, anyhow!'"

¶ The Beloved Cinderella

Continued from
page 729

ought to have it—yes, you should! You need it—oh, Pap, I know how it is—that mortgage and the Pahonkey Shop opposite. If you had the money—"

"Pshaw, honey! Do you think I'd take money for bein' good to you?" he asked indignantly.

"But, Pap, I know Father would like to give it to you!"

"Drat it!" cried Pap, hot with anger, "that's all he thought I come for! Don't seem to think maybe I—I—" He choked and was silent.

Star's gray eyes darkened; she caught at the old man's sleeve. "Wasn't he—nice to you, Pap?" she asked in a low voice.

Mr. Binney, burning with secret resentment at his treatment, caught himself in time. He saw the girl's

face; a wave of tenderness submerged him.

"Don't you fret, Stargrass! It's all right—if you're happy. You are happy, honey?" he asked wistfully.

She laid her soft cheek against his worn old sleeve.

"I ought to be, Pap," she whispered; "I've got everything. Everything I ever dreamed about!"

He put his work-worn hand up, almost timidly, and stroked her hair.

"Then it's all right, honey!" he said, in a choked voice.

She did not answer. Her face was still half hidden on his shoulder when a big car suddenly slipped through the gates, turned and headed toward them.

"It's Father!" she cried, her hand still on Pap's arm.

Blanchard stopped the car. "Mary Agnes!" he said sharply.

Star went to him. "I've just found Pap—Mr. Binney—Father, and I want to—"

"Get in!" commanded Blanchard imperatively.

Something in his tone made the girl obey, but she turned to look back.

"Pap," she called, "I want to—"

"Drive on, Giddings!" Mr. Blanchard's voice was hard.

The big car started and swung forward. Star, sinking into a place beside her father was aware of Etta's amused eyes opposite and of Carr's broad smile. She turned hot and leaned out, looking back. Pap still stood in the road, his stout old figure solid as a rock. Suddenly she saw herself a little girl running to him with her little troubles, clinging to his big hand, sure of his faithful old heart. It came back to her, and she felt—as the car glided on—that she was leaving him behind her in the dust!

Star's lip trembled, she felt the sting of hot tears in her eyes and winked them back.

(To be Continued)

Lines to a Friend

By Florence Hartman Townsend

ALWAYS I had been told that love is blind;

That love makes tight the shutters of the mind
So that we may not see a loved one in the white
And searching intensity of truth's light.

But I have proved this ancient thrust untrue.
Remembering, my friend, when I met you,
For then so prejudiced and critical my mind
I catalogued each fault that I could find!

You were not perfect then, you are not now.
But love has softened all your faults somehow.
And shown me virtues that I had not seen.
For prejudice had lain so thick between.

Because love is not blind I found you, friend,
Who will enrich my life till life shall end.
Your strength and courage fill my weaker soul
And make all life secure and sweet and whole.

IT IS NOT TOO LATE, YOU MAY STILL ENROLL



◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆
Though the Fall Quarter began on September 26, you may still register for a full Quarter's work. Deans and Professors will aid you in finding your courses. . . You will find living costs reasonable and enrollment easy.
◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆◆

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Your Page and Ours

WE GOT OUR WIRES CROSSED

LAST month we got the date lines and names mixed on two communications which appeared on this page. G. Homer Durham of Preston, England, wrote the communication signed by Catherine Marsh and vice versa. Mr. Durham, however, says, "No harm done."

"MAN SHALL NOT LIVE BY BREAD ALONE"

Murray, Utah.

Dear Editor:

WE enjoy the *Era* very much. I feel that its influence in our home is as important as something on our table to eat.

Very sincerely,
Sarah Barrett.

HE LIKES OUR ART

Burbank, California.

Dear Editors:

YOUR proposal to give us more Utah art is welcomed in our family. It is novel and in front rank. The August cover by H. Armstrong Roberts is an example of real art. It shows originality and true artistic instinct.

Your well-wishers,
Horace N. Fish.

THESE LOSE SLEEP OVER THE ERA

Tenino, Washington

General Board M. I. A.

Dear Brethren:

SOMEHOW the picture of the Apostles in the last *Improvement Era* got torn, and we wanted so badly to have the picture framed, so we are sending to see if you have an extra copy of the July *Era*, or if you haven't the whole issue for sale, perhaps you have a picture like the one in the *Era*.

We cannot express to you just how much we enjoy the *Era*. My husband and I sit up the night we receive the *Era* until it is nearly completely read. And each time we receive a new copy we say, "Why this copy alone is worth the price of the entire subscription." We congratulate you upon your wonderful work. We have a number of different friends (who are not of the Church) that borrow the *Era* and enjoy it very much.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Ammon Harris.

WE HOPE THIS WILL NOT RUIN MISS KENNELLY

HAVE just read the August *Era* with a great deal of pleasure. I notice you ask for opinions of the best story and poem of the year.

My vote goes unreservedly to Ardyth Kennelly. "How Lovely Youth," in the August issue, is entrancing. "Each in his own tongue," expresses life as he sees it. Ardyth Kennelly interprets its meanings with the beautiful artistry I have always longed to possess, but could somehow not attain. I think the gods of genius must have visited her first, and tilted the horn of plenty so lavishly into her lap, that it left a scanty portion for some of the rest of us who waited outside the portals. Her story, "Fire and Song," and the one called "Afterward Came Spring," appealed to me as this story does. They are beautiful—too beautiful for prose fiction.

Mrs. Fava Parker wins my vote for the best poem. Of her two poems, I think I liked *Amethyst* best.

Most Sincerely, Yours for Humanity,
Lella M. Hoggan.

WE still have many articles and papers addressed to 47 East South Temple Street. This month we are running the picture of our new home, 50 North Main Street, in the hope that it will impress everybody with the fact that we have changed our address. How do you like that new home? You are always welcome to come and see us at home. Conference visitors will be welcome.

SHE EVEN USES POETRY IN HER LETTERS

San Luis Potosí No. 189,
Mexico, D. F., Mexico.
August 20, 1933.

Harrison R. Merrill and Elsie:

YOUR letter, written June the last,
Reached Mexico a few days past.
Just how, or why I cannot say,
But please excuse my long delay
In answering. If I'm too late,
Just let me know. I'll blame Sir Fate.

Ten dollars worth of books, you say?
I couldn't pay for them today.
Yet, times, for poets, should get better,
So just you send a little letter
Informing me what plan you choose.
If I'm still poor, I'll sell my shoes,
Or else my hat. The price of it
May help make up the deficit.

Now don't forget to let me know.

Till then, "Good Luck!"

From Mexico.

**THE ERA HAS LONG BEEN A VISITOR
AT THIS HOME**

Levan, Utah.

Editors:

YOUR magazine has always been a source of inspiration to me. We have had it in our home as long as I can remember and always look forward to its arrival each month.

Very sincerely yours,
Audrie Hanson.

Dear Sir:

Perhaps you can use this little thought in the *Era*.

OCTOBER

THERE is something in the
Blueness of your skies;
There is something in the color
Of your autumn leaves on high;
There is something in the crispness
Of your frosty morning air
That makes me kneel before my Maker
In silence and in prayer.

I surely enjoyed "How Lovely Youth" in the August number.

Sincerely,
(Miss) Rosmary Hodson.

OUTDOOR STORY-PICTURE CONTEST

WE have as yet had few entries in our Story-Picture contest which closes October 30. Of course all of our camera enthusiasts may be holding off to get that best one, but we hope we'll have a good representation. We have a few good ones on hand now—enough to know that the idea was a good one and that many of our kodakers have some good imaginations. See the July issue, page 555, for details of the contest.

**WHAT KIND OF A HUSBAND—OR WIFE—DO
YOU LIKE?**

READ Mr. Hinkley's article in this number and let us have your decision. Filling out the blank ought to be more interesting than a cross-word puzzle.

"Here's a Suggestion for a Christmas Present"

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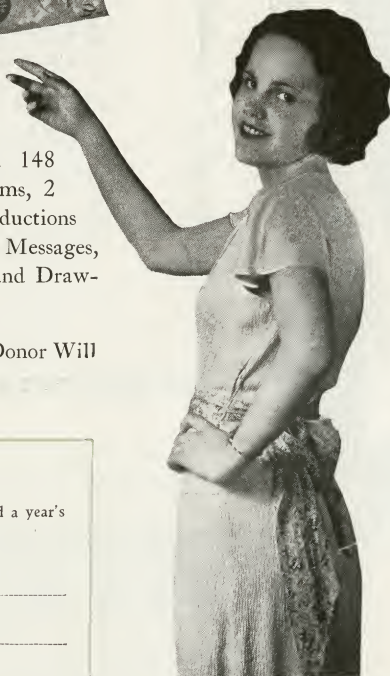
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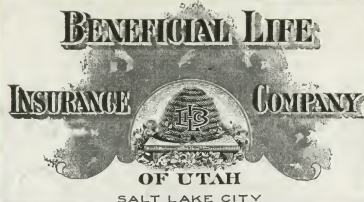
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